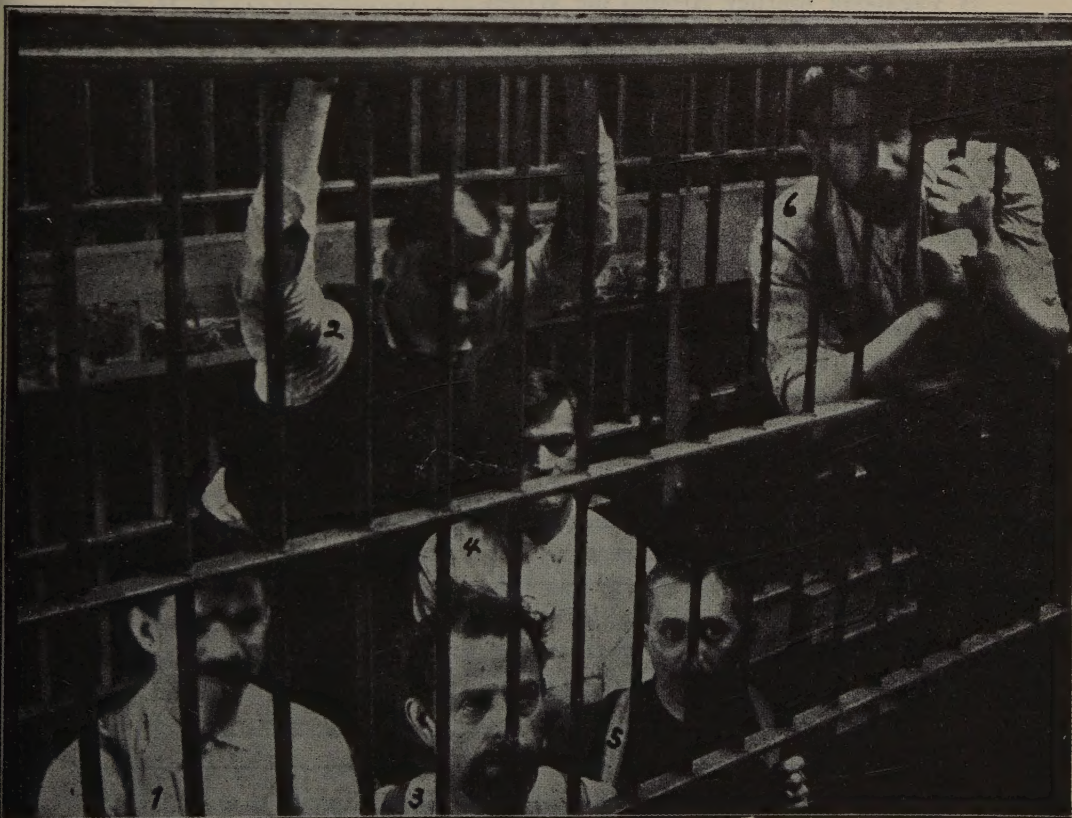


# *The* INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

JUNE, 1910.

TEN CENTS.



1. Jacobs    2. Moore    3. Stirton    4. McCarthy    5. Fix    6. Williams

REVOLUTIONISTS IN JAIL AT NEW CASTLE, PENNSYLVANIA.  
FREE PRESS IN PERIL.

See Page 1065

# The International Socialist Review

A MONTHLY JOURNAL OF INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST THOUGHT

EDITED BY CHARLES H. KERR.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS: Mary E. Marcy, Robert Rives La Monte,  
Max S. Hayes, William E. Bohn.

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# THE INTERNATIONAL Socialist Review

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No. 12

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## Theodore Roosevelt.

By GEORGE D. HERRON

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HAVE been asked by The International Socialist Review to write about Theodore Roosevelt. It is difficult to write of so dominant and delusive a personality, without in some measure using language that fits the subject. In both word and deed is Mr. Roosevelt himself so terribly personal, that it is impossible to write about him in an impersonal way. To speak of him in any terms that at all characterize him is to lay one's self open to the charge of personal feeling. I confess I do feel deeply about Mr. Roosevelt, but it is because I believe him to be the most malign and menacing personal force in the political world of today. He is the embodiment of man's return to the brute—the living announcement that man will again seek relief from the sickness of society in the bonds of an imposing savagery. He is a sign, and one of the makers, of universal decay. He is the glorification of what is rotten and reactionary in our civilization. To speak calmly of one whose life and achievements are a threat and an insult to the holiest spirit of mankind, this is not easy for anyone who cares about mankind, or carries within himself the heartache of the generations. About other men one may write judicially, and leave something for inference. But one can only truly write about Mr. Roosevelt by telling the truth about him; and that means the use of plain and terrible words. That is the tragedy and terror of having to speak of him at all.

Quite recently, I have been criticised for saying that Theodore Roosevelt is the most degrading influence in our American public life

and history. I said this because it was true. It is what many thoughtful Americans know; it is also what no one with a reputation to lose will say. We are all afraid of him: we are afraid of him just as we are afraid of the plotted revenge, of the bludgeon from behind, of the knife in the back; of the thief in the dark. No one knows what this man will do, if one enters the lists against him; but whatever he does, it will be to avoid the question at issue, and to come at you unawares: to seize an advantage that only the dishonorable and the shameless accept. Whatever he does, he will never fight you fair: he will never strike a blow that is not foul. In some respects, Mr. Roosevelt has the field to himself: the majority of men have still some rudimentary feelings about the truth; and if not this, then an ordinary sense of humor, as well as the lack of opportunity, saves them from any foolish attempt at competing with Mr. Roosevelt in the art of clothing flagrant falsehood with the garments of moral pomp. It is notorious, too, that no man will now contend with Mr. Roosevelt, because no man will so bemean himself as to fight upon Mr. Roosevelt's terms. It is also notorious that Mr. Roosevelt will avail himself of this fact, as he did in his controversy with Mr. Edward H. Harriman; as he did in his amazing and disgraceful articles against Socialism; as he did when he condemned, for the sake of his own popularity with a capitalist press, the two Labor leaders, Moyer and Haywood, while these men were still on trial for their lives. He knows that his most bitter opponent will observe some of the decencies of combat. Observing none of these himself, he has all the choice of weapons; and he chooses without reference to the weapons of his opponent. Indeed, no white-man would be found with the controversial weapons of Theodore Roosevelt upon his person. And no white man has had, or would wish to have, Mr. Roosevelt's opportunity for investing the most skulking personal revenges with the air of a champion of the public good.

But it is not against a mere individual that I protest. I object to Mr. Roosevelt from the fact that he voices and incarnates the fundamental social immorality—the doctrine that might makes right: that no righteousness is worth the having except that which is enforced by brute words, or brute laws, or brute fists, or brute armies. Mr. Roosevelt stands for a life that belongs to the lower barbarian and to the jungle. He has set before the youth of the nation the glory of the beast instead of the glory of the soul. The nation has been hypnotized and saturated with his horrible ideals, as well as by his possessional and intimidating personality. Of course the nation is itself to blame, and in this reveals its own decadence; for the heroes we worship, and the ideals we cherish, are the revelations of ourselves. Yet it is this one man, more than all others, who has awakened the instinct to kill and to conquer, and all the



sleeping savagery of the people. It is he who has put the blood-cup to the lips of the nation, and who bids the nation drink. And one of the strangest ironies that ever issued from academic ignorance, and what will prove to be one of the historic stupidities, is the endowment of this naked militarist with the Nobel Peace Prize; and this because, in the interests of the great bankers and of his own military policy, he was instrumental in depriving Japan of the full fruits of her victory.

Theodore Roosevelt leads a recession in the life of the world. He betokens the enfeeblement of mankind, its lack of a living faith. He is the ominous star of the New Dark Ages—wherein the faithless soul of man will seek forgetfulness and excitement in military murder and political bestiality. It is true that Mr. Roosevelt has imposed upon the world an impression of strength; but he is essentially a weakling, an anthropological problem, a case for the pathologist. His psychology is that of the savage at one time, and of the hysteric at another. Intellectually, he is an atavism, the recrudescence of an antique type; he belongs with the rulers of the Roman Degeneracy, or with the lesser Oriental despots.

And Mr. Roosevelt is the last man whose name should be spoken of in connection with democracy. He does not believe in democracy at all; nor in freedom at all. He is no more of a democrat than Genghis Khan or Louis XI. He likes liberty less than Cromwell did; and Cromwell liked liberty less, by far, than did Charles I. Only these are big names to put beside the name of a man so morally small, so ignorant of essential excellence, so ruthlessly inconsiderate of his fellows, as Theodore Roosevelt.

But supposing Mr. Roosevelt were one of the soul's gentlemen, supposing he politically meant to do social good, it is by methods that belong to the darkest phases of human history—the methods of the tyrant who believes his own will to be the only righteousness, and all opposition to that will to be the one unrighteousness; and who proceeds to stamp its opposers with what he means to be an indelible infamy, or to kill if he can. As the best example of this sort, Cromwell tyrannized over a nation, and over the souls of men, for their own salvation and for the glory of God. And this is the method by which every tyranny or tyrant seeks justification. It is the only method Mr. Roosevelt cares for or believes in.

Yet no man ever ruled other men for their own good; no man was ever rightly the master of the minds or bodies of his brothers; no man ever ruled other men for anything except for their undoing, and for his own brutalization. The possession of power over others is inherently destructive—both to the possessor of the power and to those over whom it is exercised. *And the great man of the future, in distinction from the great man of the past, is he who will seek to create power in the peoples,*

*and not gain power over them.* The great man of the future is he who will refuse to be great at all, in the historic sense; he is the man who will literally lose himself, who will altogether diffuse himself, in the life of humanity. All that any man can do for a people, all that any man can do for another man, is to set the man or the people free. Our work, whensoever and wheresoever we would do good, is to open to men the gates of life—to lift up the heavenly doors of opportunity.

This applies to society as well as to the individual man. If the collective man will release the individual man and let him go, then the individual will at last give himself gloriously, in the fullness of his strength, unto the society that sets the gates and the highways of opportunity before him. Give men opportunity, and opportunity will give you men; for opportunity is God, and freedom to embrace opportunity is the glory of God.

## II.

Yet, having said all this, I venture to prophecy that Mr. Roosevelt has not yet reached the high noon of his day. And the day is Roosevelt's, you may be sure of that. It will be a long day too, and a dark day, before it is done. He will return to the American nation and rule it, as he means to do. It is not merely that the nation is obsessed with Theodore Roosevelt; it is that a situation is arriving in which he will be the psychological necessity. He himself foresees this necessity; the nation is instinct with it. He knew what he was doing when he made Taft president. Roosevelt made Taft president because he knew that Taft would make Roosevelt necessary. He knew that Taft would be a failure; that he would further confound the confusion toward which the nation is drifting.

But drifting is hardly the word. With awful swiftness we are moving toward long crisis and abysmal disaster—crisis and disaster in which the rest of the world will be involved. It is the inevitable outcome of the capitalist system that the workers of the world will become too poor to buy the things they make. We are already in sight of that culmination in America. We must hence reach the last accessible man and compel him to buy, we must sell to the uttermost man on the outermost edge of the earth, or our economic world-machine will fall in upon itself. We Americans must have the market of China: else there will come a sudden day when twenty millions of men will be in the streets without work. And twenty millions of men will not go down to starvation without bringing down the national structure with them.

Now Capitalism knows that Mr. Roosevelt is the only man that can be depended upon to get for it the Chinese market. It also knows perfectly well that labor has not in the world a more ruthless enemy than Mr. Roosevelt. At heart he holds the working class in contempt. He



despises the dream of equality. He hates the whole modern effort of the soul toward freedom—freedom of labor, freedom spiritual, freedom social. Notwithstanding his bluster about the trusts, and his determination to control to some extent the course of industrial operation, it is in the interest of Absolutism, and against Socialism, that he has worked. Intelligent Capitalism knows that Roosevelt can be trusted, as no other man can be trusted, to see it through. It is therefore to Roosevelt that Capitalism will turn to conquer its new world for it; to Roosevelt that Capitalism will turn to finally crush the resistance of labor. It is to Roosevelt that all the vested interests of the present civilization will turn, in the time of their danger or dissolution. The Cæsars arose as the necessary chief of police of the Roman propertied or plundering class. So will Roosevelt and his successors arise; they will arise to police the world in the interest of its possessors.

There could only be one alternative to Roosevelt, in the dreadful years that are coming to America: a thoroughly organized Socialist movement of the highest order; a Socialist movement that would be profoundly revolutionary, resolutely reaching to the roots of things, refusing any longer to tinker or compromise with the present evil world; yet a Socialist movement with its Pattern in the Mount—a Socialist movement led by the glowing vision, and charged with the highest idealism as to ultimate freedoms and values. It is for such a revolution the whole world waits: a revolution that shall be a synthesis of the life of man; a revolution wherein men shall mightily and decisively make their own world; a revolution that shall make all material facts and forces to be the medium and music of the free human spirit; a revolution that shall make the world's civilization an invitation to the soul of every man to express itself and rejoice. Yet there is not such a Socialist movement in the world now, and the last place to look for its coming is in America. Nowhere else has Individualism borne such deadly fruit; nowhere else is there such intellectual and moral servility; nowhere else is there such actual ignorance of the new world that is besetting the old. We have never had a Republic in anything but name. We have always and only had the administration of society in the interests of the dominant financial bureaucracy. And it is well known, now, that our whole system of government has long since broken down. America is practically being governed without law. There is absolutely no constitutional method of social reform. There will be a long time of darkness and suffering, of hypocrisy and compromise, and of depthless disaster, before there will be any real social awakening in America, or any effective spiritual fund upon which to draw for a revolution. It is for this reason Mr. Roosevelt will become the nation's psychological necessity. There is nothing for it but the strong man—the man who will govern us without law. Mr.

Roosevelt knows this; and he has known it for many years; and all his life he has been getting ready for it. And not only America, perhaps Great Britain as well, will turn to Roosevelt as the only force relentless and purposeful enough to carry it through the beginnings of the New Dark Ages. And, as I have already said, it is when the world is enfeebled and faithless that it turns to the strong man.

Upon such a crisis the nations are turning now. We are approaching one of those times when the world returns to brute force; when civilization is resolved back into its primal elements; when the tyrant seems to be the only saviour. And Mr. Roosevelt is the man for this approaching time. And this approaching time is working out the day and the hour of the fulfillment of Mr. Roosevelt's ambitions.

So I make my prophecy: Roosevelt will return to America, and he will rule it. He carries the nation in the hollow of his hand. He will be elected president. There will be war with Japan for the market of China. There will be glutted markets, underconsumption of economic goods, universal unemployment, and the sudden standstill of industry, and the paralysis of even the semblance of government. Roosevelt will seem the only salvation from anarchy. When he returns to Washington, he will return to stay, as he means to stay. He is by nature a man utterly lawless, and the nation is now practically lawless. He has been all his life getting ready for this one goal, and the decadent nation is rapidly preparing the goal for him. The monthly magazine-reformers and Mr. Pierpont Morgan are alike turning to Mr. Roosevelt as the nation's hope. All things are preparing his way. The times and he are joining themselves together perfectly. Theodore Roosevelt has had his dawn: he will now have his day; and it will be one of the harshest and bitterest days in the still-continuing pilgrimage of mankind through the wilderness.

Now having made my prophecy, let me be judged by it ten years hence—not now. And ever, while I live, shall I pray that my prophecy may prove false. For the sake of man, and for the joy of my own soul, may it be that this word of the future may not come true. Rather let it be that some sudden awakening as to what is really true and good and beautiful, some sudden precipitation of the yet unevolved spirit of man, may deliver us from the engulfing misery of the New Dark Ages which the coming of Roosevelt betokens.



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# ECONOMIC DETERMINISM

*and the* **SACRED COWS**

*By Mary E. Marcy*

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WHEN an economic need of anything arises, that need has to be satisfied. Sometimes we grow impatient and say that events move slowly, but when economic pressure becomes strong enough all things yield.

Put the army of a civilized country without food on an island of barbarians, and in a short time you will find them descending to cannibalism, with tongues full of excuses for their deeds. The heathens refused to feed us, they will tell us, they strove to drive us away. We were compelled to fight them. Many were killed and the food supply was destroyed. So we ate them. The conditions were deplorable, we will admit, but we made the best of them.

Behold the nations in need of expansion. Their territory is teeming with men and women. They need room for this population to grow. The islands to their left will support millions of people. In one way or another a quarrel arises between the island people and the big country. The island people are whipped and the overflow population floods into the new country and another province has been added to the home country. And the home country tells the world how it has carried civilization into darkest Manchuria.

In China we see how the rulers of the Empire have recognized the need of industrial development. If China was not to be wholly overrun by the Foreign Invaders, she had need of adopting the methods of production of her enemies. Prejudices gave way. Superstitions and old religious beliefs stepped aside before the new necessity and modern industry was encouraged. Now China is saying, "The old way was wrong; but the new way is the right way."

So it was with the sacred cattle of the Malay Peninsula. Here, as in holy Benares, for hundreds of years the sacred cows have been

fed upon rose buds and garlanded with flowers. All that was asked of them was that they eat of the dainties provided by their humble servants, the natives, and chew their cuds in philosophic content, as sacred cows.

But England has invaded the Malay Peninsula. Great roads have been laid through the jungles. Trees have been cut down and 10,000,000 rubber trees have been planted in their beds. The tin and gold mines were opened for exploitation and the export trade last year amounted to over \$400,000,000.

Singapore has become a melting pot for the Eastern peoples. Here toil laborers of every shade of yellow, black and brown. And the wonderful white man comes also. Chinese there are, strong and bare of shoulder. And hairy Klings as straight as pine trees and darker than the blackest coal. Turbaned Indians and Mohammedans work side by side with the gaily dressed Japanese, and every boat brings Italians, Spaniards, Germans and Americans.

Old ideas are being displaced by new ones. Strange words are heard from the mouths of strange peoples. And every day these people are clothing themselves in new ways.

Amid all this medley of peoples, and the constant need for mules, the fall of the sacred cows was inevitable. Doubtless, it was some sacrilegious son of Britain, who first suggested pressing them into service to haul the rude carts. Possibly it was the Black Sheep of some respectable Malay family, who committed the first outrage. At all events, the beautiful, strong-limbed, snow-white, rose-eating sacred cattle have passed away. To-day they are white oxen drawing rude carts filled with dirt from the new docks in Singapore.

Probably, for this is usually the case, the Old Folks have become accustomed to the ways of the younger generation and have learned to regard with equanimity the wild innovations of their sons.

Some day, we suppose, the Beef Trust will reach out into the Far East. We are beginning to think at last that "Nothing is certain but Death and the Beef Trust."

And so, it is easy to foretell the ultimate end of the sacred cows. When they become too old and sick and stiff to longer pull the carts of their new masters, when they become valueless for anything save the cannery—But why harrow ourselves further! The lesson of the sacred cattle is plain to all. This it is.

Before Economic Necessity all men bow. Kings abdicate; religious fade away; the Holy of Holies is eaten for lunch and Gods are harnessed to supply the need. Before Economic Necessity nothing is fixed. Nothing is evil. Nothing is sacred!



# Solidarity in Prison.

By WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD.



ACTIVITY in the socialist movement presents some complex situations, some unusual rewards.

There are socialists in jail in New Castle. There are socialists in office at Milwaukee.

If the opportunity of the individuals concerned could be reversed, it is certain that Comrade Emil Seidel, mayor of Milwaukee, and his colleagues, would bear with fortitude the gloomy ignominy of the cells in Lawrence County Jail. It is likewise true that comrades McCarty, Stirton, Williams, Jacobs, Fix and Moore, the manager and editorial staff of Solidarity, could administer the affairs of a municipality with honor to the party, and credit to themselves. But those who know the boys in jail, know that neither would voluntarily change places. All are filling their present positions, in upholstered, revolving office chairs or hard rough benches for the same great cause.

The imprisonment of our fellow-workers in New Castle is an incident in the strike against the American Sheet and Tin Plate Co., which has been on since last July.

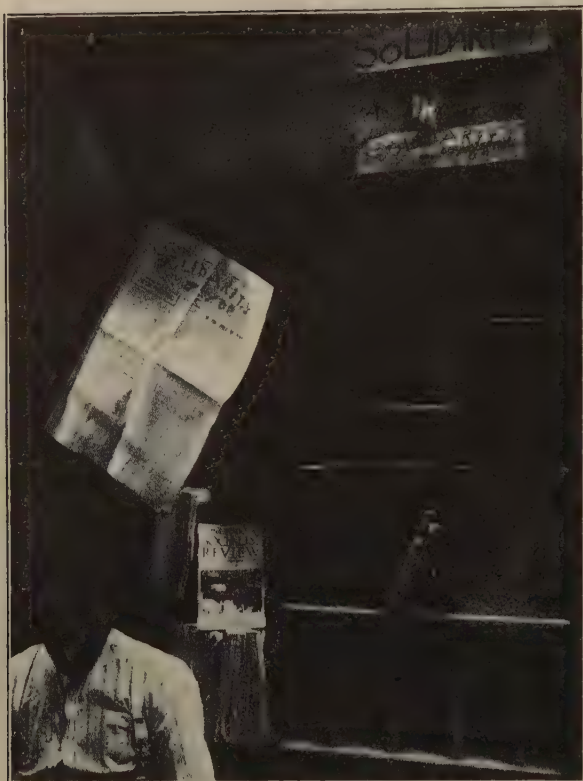
This branch of the U. S. Steel trust declared for an open shop, thus precipitating a strike among a comparatively few men who were members of the Amalgamated Association.

Invention and the introduction of modern machinery had reduced thousands of men to a common level of labor, below the standard of eligibility required in a pure and simple trade union. These men were organized by the Industrial Workers of the World.

The Free Press, published by the socialist locals of Lawrence county, took up the fight of the striking workers and was the only medium through which their side of questions involved could be presented to the public. Every Sunday morning the paper went as a



C. H. McCARTY.



B. H. WILLIAMS TURNING OUT DÔPE FOR SOLIDARITY  
IN LAWRENCE COUNTY JAIL.

messenger of truth into the homes of the workers conveying a word of hope and cheer such as had never been heard in pulpits or read in the capitalist press. It was the voice of the strikers to the strikers. They were loyal to themselves.

The fight was on. The U. S. Steel trust resorted to methods and tactics that are old in the battle against labor. Police, deputies, the state constabulary and court injunctions were their instruments of warfare. Strike breakers were shipped in and the mills resumed operations in a crippled condition.

The Free Press kept up a vigorous political agitation resulting in the election of Charles H. McKeever, manager of the paper, as City Councilman.

It was about this time that Comrade A. M. Stirton, who had for some years previously edited the Wage Slave in Michigan, a paper well and favorably known throughout the country as an advocate of industrial unionism, went to New Castle, where *Solidarity* was started to help in the battles of the workers in the iron and steel district. C. H. McCarty became manager of the paper and Comrade Stirton editor.

The paper adopted a policy comprehensive, constructive and international in scope. It grew rapidly in circulation and influence and is much feared by the employing class in the coal and iron district, of Pennsylvania, speaking as it does for the unemployed, the unskilled, and the despised of labor for whom no voice had ever been raised. Since the Carnegie massacre at Homestead in 1892, no efforts had been made to organize these men.



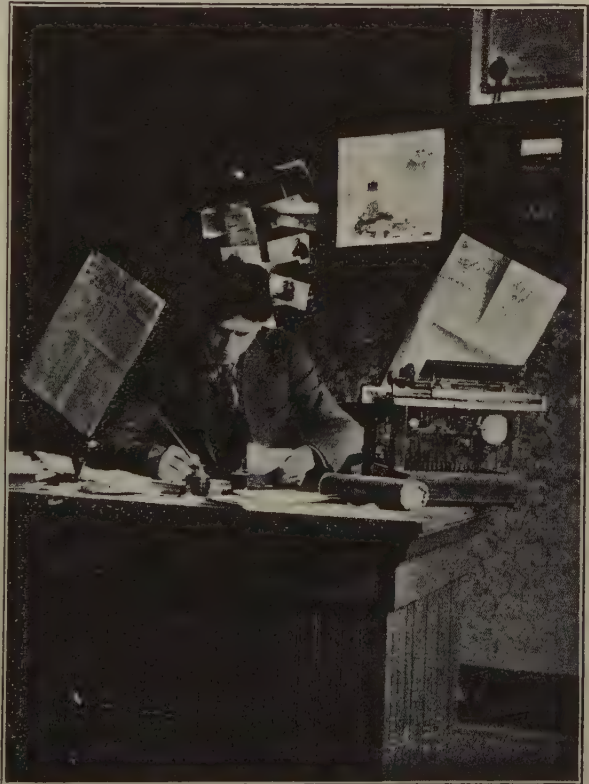
The Free Press and Solidarity were issued every week. The employers were furious. Members of the Business Men's Exchange grew hydrophobic. Detectives were hired and set on the trail of the papers and finally the editorial staffs of both The Free Press and Solidarity were arrested, charged with an alleged violation of the Pennsylvania publishing law (enacted in 1907 and never called into use except on one occasion, as a matter of spite).

This law is being violated daily and weekly by many publications in Pennsylvania at the present time.

The editors of Solidarity and the Free Press were hailed into court and with them the editor of the New Castle Herald, a capitalist sheet. All three were convicted, but the leniency of the court, resulted in the capitalist editor being released on payment of costs while the others were fined \$100 and costs.

The Free Press appealed their case while the members of Solidarity refused to pay the fines and were sentenced to jail, declining to accept Judge Porter's proffered offer of ten days in which to look for money to pay them. Knowing that the workers alone would be the ones to contribute, they preferred to go to jail.

It was there I met them. Lawrence county jail is a disgrace to any civilized community. It is dark, dingy, loathsome and damp, absolutely unfit for habitation. But the crowded cells and rusty bars are not in harmony with the spirits of the imprisoned men. They are bright. All were feeling well and in accord with the sentiments expressed by George Fix, when he said, "This is only the beginning."



OUR OUT OF JAIL OFFICE,  
G. H. PERRY, MANAGING EDITOR.

These men are imprisoned: humiliations are heaped upon their wives and children, because they dared to organize and to teach organization, because they worked for the abolition of wage slavery.

They ask nothing for themselves. When I asked what message they had for the workers on the outside, in one voice they replied,

"If the workers would help us, let them build up Solidarity."

\* \* \* \*

The minions of the capitalist courts have invaded the jail and served process of injunction against the imprisoned men. They are prohibited from molesting or persuading the employes of the American Sheet and Tin Plate Company. And the persecution does not end here.

In the June docket, Charles McCarty, F. M. Hartman, Charles McKeever, Evan Evans and William J. White are charged with seditious libel and must appear to defend themselves. This is a further effort to strangle the press of the working class in New Castle.

Money will be needed in this fight and it will have to come from the workers. Do not neglect this matter, as this case is of vital interest to you.

Defense Fund is in charge of Joseph Booth, Box 644, New Castle, Pa.





# No Beans and Rice for Columbus.

By R. E. PORTER.



MAY DAY PARADE.



WHEN, owing to the great increased cost of living, the conductors and motormen employed by the Columbus Railway and Light Co., went on strike for higher wages, E. K. Stewart, general manager of the company, suggested that the men choose a more economical diet and substitute beans and rice for roast beef. In short, he said, if they would eliminate meat from their bill of fare they would be able to live upon the wages the company was "giving" them.

The discharge of several men who had taken an active part in the agitation for organization, resulted in a mass meeting of all the railway employes and the organization of the conductors and motormen into a local of the A. A. of S. and E. R. E. of A.

The strike was called on April 28th, and because of the aggressive picket system of the strikers every line in the city was tied up tight within a few hours. A feeble attempt on the part of the company to resume operations resulted disastrously to the "rolling stock." That the citizens were with the strikers is illustrated by the following picture, which shows hundreds of people standing passively by while a car was wrecked by sympathizers in front of the State Capitol building.

The Socialist State Convention which was in session in Columbus contributed several good speakers who took an active part in the several



SOMETHING DOING.

hall meetings held and the railway employees learned more about the class struggle by a few socialist speeches and an actual fight with the car company, than years of prosperity would have given them.

The first May Day parade ever held in Columbus took place Sunday afternoon. Hundreds of trade union men and socialists were in line and a spirit of solidarity and class consciousness was shown, never before seen in Columbus.

However, the autocratic attitude of Manager Stewart remained unchanged and knowing that city officials are but business agents for the capitalist class he demanded police protection and got it, but the workers still walked to and from work.



BILLY BUTTS IN THE PARADE.



As the company could not round up enough local scabs to run the cars, they brought in professional strike thugs from the outside, several of whom were arrested for carrying guns and, thus handicapped by lack of labor power, the company officials came to terms and the strike was settled on May 6th by granting a slight increase in wages and other demands.

Comrade Heston, who did active picket duty, writes as follows:

"The strike though short, has been a wonderful lesson to labor, of the advantage of united effort in securing mutual benefit. They will soon



ON PICKET DUTY.

vote as they struck and the time is hastening when labor shall rule and own what labor creates. We see very plainly that if we, as laboring men, controlled the government, nothing could prevent labor from being victorious. The Political arm and the Economic arm must work hand in hand."

# Marxian Socialism and the Roman Church.

By THOMAS C. HALL, D. D.



THE Rev. John J. Ming, S. F., has rendered a real service by a calm and most dispassionate as well as well-informed survey of socialism\* from the point-of-view of an ecclesiastic of the Roman Communion. The general aims and hopes of socialism are most admirably set forth, with full and free use of the best and most authoritative sources for information. Many a Protestant Controversialist could learn a lesson of wisdom and fairness from these pages. It is an actual relief to pick up a book that shows that a critic of socialism has taken some pains to find out just what it really means.

In the second part the author deals with the religious philosophy that underlies Marx and Engels teaching, and he states fairly clearly the position of Marx and Engels as evolutionary materialism, and enters upon a critique of the evolutionary materialism.

The weakest chapter in the book is the fourth, in which religion is identified with existing churchly forms, and customary theological formulae, and hence there is no difficulty in showing the hostility of militant socialism to these things. But it can, of course, never occur to the mind of a Roman ecclesiastic that religious faith may and probably will long survive the wreck of all existing ecclesiastical organizations, and the modification of all accepted theological formulae. Naturally also the author identifies christianity with the Roman communion and has therefore little difficulty in showing that socialism has been the sharpest critic of dogma, worship and the church as understood in that communion. On the whole the author is right. It is impossible to share the aims of Marx and Engels and at the same time cherish the feudal hopes of medieval scholasticism. Roman Catholicism has an official and infallible voice, and that voice has identified, as far as it is possible, the Roman communion with the medieval scholasticism of Thomas Aquinas; and splendid in many respects as is the system of Thomas Aquinas there is no room in it for evolution, relativity, critical idealism, modern psychology, or even modern historical process. Our author is quite correct in maintaining that the primitive communion of the early church and its

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\*) The Characteristics and the Religion of Modern Socialism by the Rev. John J. Ming, S. F., Benziger Bros. 1908.



proletarian character in no way identifies early christianity with modern scientific socialism. As ever against those who would identify socialism with christianity, he is again certainly correct. There is nothing in the New Testament or the Old that suggests the economic question modern industrialism has raised or that gives the answer modern socialism gives.

On the other hand our author cannot, from his point-of-view realize that modern socialism just so far as it is scientific is launched upon a sea of relativity. Absolute truth is not within the compass of the finite human spirit. Experience is limited, and all our knowledge comes in experience and must therefore share its limitations. Hence the really intelligent socialist distinguishes between finality and absolute truth. What we see to be true is true for us, and we must be true to it. We confess we have only a little light, but all would be darkness if we did not walk by it. Hence there is plenty of room within socialism, and good Marxian socialism, for religious faith. But it is religious faith<sup>4</sup> in the validity of our own experiences, and not blind acceptance of Pope, or Church, or Bible, or priest, or Marx or any other voice living or dead. These voices must become a part of our experience before they can have any validity for us at all; and when they lay claim to us they must pass the test of our rational, emotional and volitional reaction upon them. Organized socialism has therefore all manner of authorities, but none is absolute, and the only final authority is the one Luther laid claim to when he cried, "*Hier steh' ich, ich kann nicht anders,*" or that the apostles cited, when they said, "We must obey God rather than men," or to which Paul appealed when he said, "I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision." The socialist, who has had the vision of a reorganized social order on the basis of righteousness, love and brotherhood and is not disobedient to that heavenly vision, may call himself materialist, agnostic, atheist or what he pleases, he is surely as religious as the wildest stickler for ritual correctness or the most ardent upholder of medieval scholasticism. After all, when Jesus described the last judgment, the saved were unconscious of the religious acts that saved them, and to many that said, "Lord, Lord," he said, "Depart from me, I never knew you." Many a wretched nihilist working in the mines of Siberia with no knowledge of God, no fear of hell, nor hope of heaven, is nearer the Kingdom of God and his righteousness than many of us well-paid ecclesiastics who have shut the doors of the Kingdom with our dogmas and neither enter ourselves nor suffer others to enter in.

# What is the Matter with Spain?

By WILLIAM BURT GAMBLE.

I confess, dear sir, that to be a complete ass I want nothing but a tail, and if your worship shall be pleased to put one on me I shall deem it well placed, and will then serve you as your faithful ass all the days I have yet to live."

—*Sancho Panza.*



HO Cervantes doubtless intended no unpatriotic reference, some tart irony may be read into these lines—lines which hit off, to a nicety, royalty-loving, superstitious, self-satisfied old Spain.

Why is it that this former mistress of the World deserves such a dig? Why is it that a hospitable, courteous, temperate, frugal, poetic, peaceful, democratic people lags several leagues behind the international cavalcade which we are pleased to call civilization? One has a notion, more or less distinct, that she is broken-winded ecclesiastically and bone-spavined politically; but the enquiring mind is no longer satisfied with a catalogue of mere symptoms; one naturally asks if there may not be some deeper-seated trouble—some complication demanding the X-rays of Progress and the infusion of something potent in the way of Twentieth Century serums? Briefly then, what is the matter with Spain?

First of all, we desire little of kings and queens and wars and closet skeletons. In our probe for the vitals, History shall cut away such useless tissue. True, christian Spain has ever been, with few exceptions, the beast of burden for her rulers. But rulers alone cannot undo a nation. Why is it that Spain, rather than Turkey, deserves the only bed in the European hospital? Her neighbors are up and doing: aristocratic England, royalty-loving France, groping Germany, priest-pestered Italy, red Russia herself—each one of these has felt the surgeon's steel. Each has spilled blood—seas of it—but has not each written "value received" for every crimson ounce? And what has Spain to show, for *her* gory deluge—what but the red stains where martyrs fell, and thinkers and unbelievers, the innocent and the helpless, children even,—the hope of the land wiped out to no end save the country's desolation and the supposed glory of God! What has Spain and her paper constitutions and her grinding aristocracy and her prying priesthood ever sacrificed for the cause of liberty? Now and then has appeared a doctor who understood



her case; but has not this well-intentioned person always been railroaded for his trouble, and with neatness and dispatch, to other climes, or more often to the hereafter? Spain's revolutions have been little else than the lancing of a few troublesome boils. Festering upon a bed of superstition there she lies: Spain of the Cid, of the Senecas, of Quintilian, Martial and Lucan, of Trajan, Hadrian and Marcus Aurelius, of Calderon, of Cervantes, of Velasquez, of Lope de Vega: heros, emperors, poets, painters, philosophers—Spain of the Alhambra and those glorious centuries of Moorish toleration and culture—Spain that stretched her mailed arm across Peru and Mexico to the far Phillipines—Spain, potent in position and in resources: rich in wine and oil and fruits, rare marbles, silver, copper, iron, coal, cinnabar; a land whose not unwilling soils needs only the modern methods of irrigation and an awakened intelligence to transform the peninsula into the garden spot of the world. And yet, even to-day we are justified in quoting the words of Buckle:

“Spain sleeps on, untroubled, unheeding, impassive, receiving no impressions from the rest of the world, and making no impression upon it. There she lies, at the further extremity of the continent, a huge and torpid mass, the sole representative of the feelings and knowledge of the Middle Ages.”

One may well ask: What is the matter with Spain?

The answer is to be sought in the fact that, to a greater degree than any other European division, Spain is a victim of her environment. There, evolution has given mankind a bad inning. Rear a hungry child in the squalor of a dark cellar, shouting “bogey man” to its every yearning for the light, and see what kind of a man you get. Rear a race among the blighting awfulness and the fearful terrors of Nature, exhorting frightened souls to prod the devil with incantations and mummary, to believe and to obey a parasitic priest-hood, to lick the boots of a life-squeezing royalty, and you get Spain. Imagine, if possible, a mighty World-Maker at the beginning of our era, isolating unmoulded human material in the Spanish peninsula: one were indeed an optimist who could vision for the future a free minded country like France, or England, or Germany. One might as well conceive of a Reformation in the Gardens of the Vatican.

Let us recall briefly our physical geography:

The brighter the sunshine, the darker the shadow. Spanish sunshine is proverbial—and her shadows, alas! As if the rain were fearful of washing away the blots of centuries, the country, except in the extreme northern portion, is hot and dry. Most of the rivers flow in beds too deep for the Spaniard's primitive methods of irrigation. Drought and famine have consequently been frequent and disastrous. The climate is notoriously unhealthy, though uncleanly habits and medieval sanitation

have doubtless aggravated the evil. Again and again pestilence has raged unchecked. The Spaniards have always been more concerned for their souls than for their bodies. Then, too, it is the land of earthquakes; and to a simple race these terrors do not appear as a natural necessity, but as the acts either of an enraged God or of a destroying demon. With every manifestation of earth and sky and sea, every dire event twisted by designing priests into a pious fraud, surely it is not to be wondered that a susceptible people sinks into the slough of the centuries. Small marvel that the Andalusian peasant, drowsy from his siesta and gazing across his unplowed fields, sighs a vain *mañana* and mumbles a prayer, leaving the future harvest to San Isadore and the efficacy of Peter's pence.

Theology, then, has conspired with Nature to infuse into the Spanish blood the germs of degradation. A more northern country would have counteracted the virility of the poison; but Spain, with her three thousand religious orders, her ten thousand monks, her forty thousand nuns, her taxes and her false pride, "sleeps on," no more able to escape her poverty and her ignorance than she could have escaped her burnings, her thumb-screws, her rackings and hackings, her plunderings, her priestly unchastity, her rapings, her every diabolical unspeakable. As Lea in his "History of the Spanish Inquisition" says: "No other nation ever lived through centuries under a moral oppression so complete, so minute, so all pervading."

Sorehearted, one is tempted to forget the birth-blights of Spain and to cry with Shelley:

"Nature! No!

Kings, priests, and statesmen blast the human flower

Even in its tender bud; their influence darts

Like subtle poison through the bloodless veins

Of desolate society."

Tyrants forsooth! Imagine Spain dragging a king to the block—and Spain has inflicted upon outraged humanity the most notorious procession of royal fanatics, criminals, and idiots that History has ever been ashamed to record. Paint them as devil-fearing epileptics with protruding jaws and overhanging lips, and morals and habits to match and one has sketched well. Other lands have voided such monstrosities, or at least have tried to; but in Spain no gibbering monarch has ever debased himself sufficiently to lose the loving loyalty of his subjects. The kingly touch was a hallowing one. The royal horse was considered too sacred for the worthiest courtier to mount. The mistress of a dead king always hied herself off to a nunnery, finding in the Virgin Mary the only feminine soul sufficiently exalted for the confidences of the royal prostitute.



Here again history and evolution have their answer. Let us see how it was that the prince put the finishing touch on what the priest had all but completed.

Back in the eighth century we run across Tarik the Moor, his hands itching for a hold upon fair Andalusia. The bounding blood of the desert flowed in his veins. Summoning his army, he crossed the Straights of Gibraltar. Others followed. There was fighting, of course; within three years the soldiers of the Crescent had spread over all Spain, save only among the northwestern fastnesses, where the Christians were making a determined stand against annihilation. The Moors liked the new land; they remained eight centuries—centuries which shall always shine for their enlightenment, their broad culture, and their prosperity—centuries when the rest of Europe lay under the hypnotic spell of the medieval monster. One would fain fill one's space with a picture of the civilized Mohammedan and his beneficent works.

With the pent-up Spaniards, extermination by the Infidel seemed quite as direful a prospect as the loss of a seat in heaven. The struggle savored of a holy war. Their property and their homes gone, they strengthened their blows with hatred and vengeance. Religion and patriotism became synonymous. With thunder and lightning, earthquake and pestilence, God should smite the Saracen. No portent was considered too insignificant to bear a meaning to the Spanish arms. The king who could lead them to victory, or show by the stars that he certainly would do so, was indeed divinely given.

Like the priest, the king was not slow to see the point: he worked the scheme to the limit. The task of the tax-collector became a sinecure. Imagine the hardy Swiss mountaineers bowing thus to the iron heel and the Pope's toe. If nature has never watered the seeds of enlightenment and liberty in the human soul, what may one expect save the weeds of superstition and absolutism?

The spirit of monarchy has tanned the Spanish character: more the pity, because the Spaniard is innately democratic. Except to royalty, the traveller discovers naught of that cringing servility that a caste-bred Englishman offers to the man above. The Spanish beggar regards himself as one's equal before God, and he conducts himself accordingly. One's servant is a self-respecting person giving value for value: pressing my-lord's trousers is deemed quite as commendable as pressing the life out of my-lord's factory hands or her ladyship's tenants. But to the king! Long live the king! Unless one happens to stumble into Barcelona or some other equally alarmful place where the twentieth century has begun to dawn, royalty gets a welcome fit for the Virgin Mary herself.

A sheep-like people has never builded an enduring nation. One

dog has ever been able to guide the flock. Though Spain has seen her moments of glory, race ambition has never been the force behind. Any leader sufficiently gifted in grandstand bravado and eloquence can make soldiers fight. War isn't so very difficult if one has the priest to help him out. That is why Ferdinand and Isabella were able to restore Spain to the cross; why Charles the Fifth could sweep his iron hand over the checker-board of the world; why Phillip the Second, Lord's Anointed, could burn out and chop off heresy. These were strong sovereigns—in their evil ways. But with the first hint of weakness came the deluge. In 1609 Phillip the Third, a priest-persuaded libertine, committed the crime of the centuries by expelling the remnant of the Moors—a million of them—the very blood and sinew of industry and commerce. Spain reaped as she sowed. Fields went to waste, cities starved, the poor peasant prayed and paid. The birth-rate fell and death stalked through the land. Spain became the country desolate. The spirit of the nation was completely crushed. She has never recovered. As Buckle says: "For her, no hope remained; and by the close of the seventeenth century the only question was, by whose hands the blow should be struck, which would dismember that mighty empire, whose shadow had covered the world and whose vast remains were imposing even in their ruin."

Now and then the flower of Spain has briefly bloomed; but the blooming has been in a hot-house under the hands of foreigners. Even Charles the Third (1759-1788), the most enlightened and able monarch the country has known, the one who dared to expell the Jesuits, to curb the greediness of the Papacy, to lighten the burdens of the poor, to protect and to encourage literature and science, to extend the hand of justice to the colonies—even he, reared in a foreign country, is not fairly to be credited to Spain. And his people regarded his reign with less of interest than a Sunday bull-fight. Charles the Third was no sooner in his tomb than Charles the Fourth, Spanish to the core, undid the former's good work. After all, the good old ways were the better ways: back came the Jesuits; free-speech was strangled; literature was discouraged; and the Inquisition blazed again forth with a glow that lighted all Spain. Cromwells have never thrived on Spanish soil: poor Prim but emphasizes the fact.

What hope for such a country? Ballot-box? Primary reform, anti-graft legislation? pure food laws? bombs? breadlines and missions? settlements? royal blood-lettings? pink pills for politicians?—in Heaven's name what? Something is the matter with Spain and she needs a doctor.

A plain vision of the only true hope was seen by Franciso Ferrer: and for seeing too much, even in this, the twentieth century, Spanish



soldiers filled his breast with lead while the priests looked on. The evil virus still runs strong and sure.

It was through education that Ferrer sought to undermine medievalism—not education that crams into the mind of youth only the facts necessary to build a bridge, or survey a field, or analyze a sample of coal, or design a house, but the facts and logic that bear upon the dignity and destiny of man as a social and fraternal being. Ferrer studied the child and worked to instill teachers with his spirit and courage. Beyond a mere bread-and-butter education the Spanish boy or girl gets nothing save what a priest is pleased to give him. As well might the Roman Index be burned by the public executioner: it is wasted upon Spain, where sixty-eight per cent of the nation can neither read nor write. Imagine the average Don hankering after such hell-fire volumes as Francis Bacon, Descartes, Draper, Gibbon, Hallam, of Heine, Hobbes, Hume and Kant, of Victor Hugo, Locke, Mill and Voltaire—it were to laugh were it not so sad.

No, Spain likes the disease and the stench thereof; she prefers the priest to the drain man. When Francisco Ferrer set about to pull down the age-worn structure, not with bombs, but with a rope of education and free-thought, when he sought to erect in its place a well ventilated building, gleaming with windows that should look out over a vista of happy homes which the soldier and the priest must flee as a bat from the light of day, they tore his heart with Spanish bullets and saved the country to its benighted past.

Here are the words that brought him to martyrdom:

\* "What we have attempted at Barcelona, others have attempted elsewhere, and we have all seen that the work is possible. And I think it should be begun without delay. We should not wait until the study of the child has been completed, before undertaking the renovation of the school; if we must wait for that, we shall never do anything. We will apply what we do know, and, progressively, all that we shall learn. Already, a complete plan of rational education is possible, and, in such schools as we conceive, children may develop, happy and free, according to their natural tendencies. We shall labor to perfect and extend it."

"Moreover, as soon as circumstances permit, we shall take up again the work begun in Barcelona, we shall rebuild the schools destroyed by our adversaries. In the meantime, we shall labor to found a normal school in Barcelona, for the training of teachers to second us later; we shall create a library of the modern school, in which such books will be published as will serve for the education of the educators, as

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\*) "The Modern School, by Francisco Ferrer; Mother Earth Publishing Ass'n., N. Y.

well as for that of the children. We shall also found a pedagogic museum, containing a collection of all necessary materials for the renovated school."

"Such are our plans. We are aware that their realization will be difficult. But we want to begin, convinced that we shall be aided in our task by those who are everywhere struggling for human liberation from dogmas and conventions which assure the support of the present iniquitous social organization."

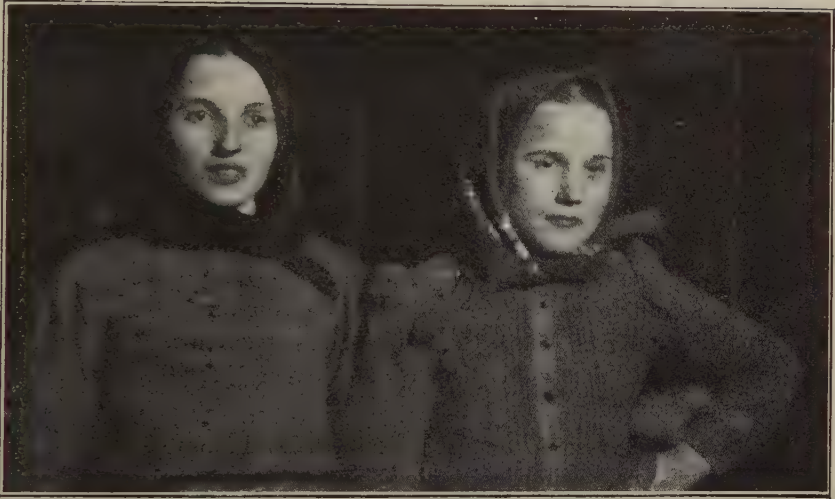
If these words of Fransisco Ferrer be anarchy, let the world make the most of it. Dark as is the future, Spain cannot drag through the twentieth century as she has dragged through the past. A single idea; like the drop of water in a rocky crevice has been known to burst a nation asunder.



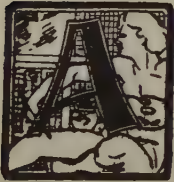


# The Immigrant.

By ELIOT WHITE.



*Lewis W. Hines, Photographer.*



As a mountain-climber's stature is magnified by enfolded vapor on the heights, so this woman's figure looms large against the flash of New York's harbor waters, where still about her seems to roll the mist of Slavic patience and privation of her peasant ancestry.

It is only a Russian immigrant girl, wrapt in a shawl that her mother wove for her with half-frozen fingers in far-off Smolensk, but where she stands hesitant on the threshold of the new land, the madonna-like resignation fused with the kindling brightness of hope in her face, singles her out from her companions.

Even the unimpressible medical examiner, turning back the eyelids of a thousand new-comers for trachoma, mechanically as a meat-inspector testing quartered animal flesh, had noticed with a tingle of admiration the color and depth of her fresh eyes.

Under the shawl's edge her forehead gleams like the burnish of an oakleaf, and when her mother in the agony of parting printed a last kiss on the girl's brow, it seemed to her that she touched delicate, living parchment, holier than a missal's through such love and sorrow; while brighter than the adorning of its pages appeared to the mother's brimming eyes the healthful glow of the young cheeks.

But now in the new-world city, other scrutiny has already fixed itself, like a poisonous reptile that can bite painlessly at first, on the clear eyes and wholesome flesh.

To this gaze nothing is sacred, and the hue and comeliness of such bodily vigor are but ore to be smelted in the furnace of lust, and smitten all palpitating with detestation under the pitiless die, into sharp-edged golden coin of profit.

A suave, trimly-dressed young fellow of the girl's own race delights her by speaking to her amid the stunning bewilderment of the strange streets, in the dear tongue of home, and she willingly accepts his guidance to the "employment-office" he professes to represent.

Still unsuspecting, and grateful for such timely succor in a world that had bristled with thorns for her at first, but now seems to have blossomed with the rose of kindness, she follows her chatting conductor down a dark alley-way between crowded tenements.

Then beginning to wonder a little, she stumbles after his stealthy step up rickety flights of stairs, and stops smitten through with blade-sharp fear at the threshold of an open room secluded from other habitation.

Before her revulsion has had time to thrill her limbs to flight like a terrified fawn's; her traitorous guide seizes her arms, and another young fellow leaping out from hiding in the loathsome den thrusts a wetted cloth over her mouth before she can scream, and in an instant more the twain have locked themselves in with their trapped and helpless prey.

An hour later, at nightfall, three silent figures descend the blind stairs, and issue from the alley-way to enter a shabby hack waiting at the curb.

Lead-en-footed as a captive beginning a desperate march to some Siberia of the soul, walks the woman between the men before and behind her; and as the keen arc-light above the sidewalk strikes for a moment on her blanched cheeks and staring eyes, it reveals sheer death in life, and mysteries of woe that like apocalyptic thunder-voices are sealed from human telling.

A place is awaiting the girl where the men conduct her stumbling up the steps of a brick-front house.

Employment too is awaiting her, for fresh-killed quarry is ever sweetest to the tiger-taste, and when morning breaks on the city as with tolling of gray bells, the girl is flung a wage called good, in clinking coins of brass.

Three days later, a young Russian mechanic returning from his work in a factory, notices a woman walking to and fro alone at the end of a river-wharf, and hurrying out in suspicion of her purpose he hears in his





*Lewis W. Hines, Photographer.*

own language her muttered words of despair and shame, and broken appeals to her mother and the unseen God.

He grasps her arm with firm, kind hand, as she prepares to leap into the tide swirling past the piles, and in eager syllables of her beloved tongue pleads with her to relinquish her plan of self-destruction.

She tells him she is not fit to live, but by long urging he persuades her to come to his home and share the scant room with his wife and little ones.

Yielding at last, in utter languor she plods by his side to the tiny tenement, so bare, and yet sanctified by the wife's piteous welcome of the fugitive and the scarcely interrupted merriment of the night-gowned babes.

But she summons a last shred of resistance when the wife offers to share her bed with her, and will hear to nothing but that a quilt be spread for her on the floor, declaring again that so defiled a thing as she is unworthy tolerance in a pure home.

Scarcely will she eat, and that only after the family have finished, but begs the wife to let her wash the floor, as though to be upon her

knees and glance now and again at the little ikon on the shelf, were the only posture that could rest her shattered spirit.

The second day, before the workman has returned from the shop, the wife who has anxiously kept her eyes on their visitor until now, has to go to the street on an errand, and when she returns is dismayed to hear the children declare, "She ran away!"

A minute later loud cries of warning and fear rise from the street, more ominous to the wife than she cares to own; then glancing to the window she is frozen with horror to see a dark form drop past the pane, while in another instant a chorus of groans and screams from the crowd below confirm her worst forebodings!

The clang of an ambulance-bell that ceases abruptly in front of the house, is followed by hurried steps up the flights to her door, and she admits a white-coated doctor who asks if the people below are right in saying a woman who just leaped from the roof was a lodger here.

"If you don't want to look at her," he adds,— "and I advise you not to, here is a necklace that she wore; do you recognize it?"

Alas, all too well the wife remembers the cheap red beads, and the hand-wrought copper clasp that the tortured girl, with a flood of tears, had said her father hammered, to complete his parting gift to the daughter of his heart.

Before the young mechanic reaches his home he has learned the dread news from the neighbors, and meets his wife at their door in sad silence, while graven deep on both the faces is plain to read the sorrow not of this tragedy alone, but reminiscence of the whole long anguish of the Slav's Egyptian bondage.

More because of habit than hunger, the heavy-hearted little family gather at their board, when suddenly the husband with an exclamation of surprise picks up from the table where they had lain unnoticed, a dozen disks of brass.

Puzzled, he examines them more closely, then glancing at his wife sees in her eyes the reflection of his own slow realization and loathing that make the bits of metal seem to burn his hand.

"She said she left them to pay us her board," declares the eldest of the children, who had forgotten till now the lost visitor's parting message.

With a groan as though he had been bludgeoned, the father stumbles to the window and hurls the brass checks out as he would have rid his home of a nest of adder's eggs.

Rebounding from the pavement with loud jingling, they instantly draw a bevy of boys to scramble for them in a tumbled heap at the gutter.

And a moment later a group of loungers beside a neighboring saloon, to whom the boys show their disappointing prizes, break into loud guffaws of ridicule of the boys, and glee in recognition of the evil coins.

# A Vagabond Journey Around the World.

By L. H. M.



HORSES ARE RARE IN JAPAN. MEN AND BAGGAGE ARE DRAWN BY COOLIES.

*From a Vagabond Journey Around the World.*

— Courtesy of The Century Co.



IMPELLED by the instinct of the literary vagabond, a university man made a journey around the world, and accomplished it absolutely without money, except what little he earned by the way. The man was Harry A. Franck and he has written a book about his adventures. We have no hesitation in pronouncing it the very best book of travels we have ever read.

Mr. Franck traveled through most of Europe, through Egypt and Palestine, through Ceylon, Burma and India, through Siam and Japan. He saw most of what every tourist sees in these countries and a good deal that a foreigner never sees. He was not presented to kings, czars or emperors, nor dined at any of the royal palaces, for he was without



money and without price. All the money he had to spend was what he earned on the way.

And so Mr. Franck became a part of the working class population in every village, city and country through which he passed, living their life and learning more about the character, and the hopes and aims of the workers than a tourist would have garnered in twenty journeys.

There is only one way for the American to know the Chinese, the Burmese, the French and Germans and that is by becoming one of them. The artificially prepared stage settings before which tourists gape, and which travelers have been wont to erroneously call "local color" did not interest Mr. Franck. But the question of earning his bread and butter, as well as lodging, while in a particular locality was all important, and so, from very necessity, Mr. Franck was compelled to live the life of his ever-changing environment. He learned the view-point of the working class in the countries through which he passed.

He slept and ate and tramped with "hoboes" of every land and creed and color. Sometimes he had a little money. Very often he had nothing but the rags on his back. He tried his hand at every kind of work that a clever all-around American fellow could dream of, he bluffed his way through seemingly impossible barriers, he slept cold and hard many a night, and went hungry many a day. But he saw the world—the workers' world from almost every angle and nation under the sun and he had a "vagabond's" royal good time doing it.

In writing of his friends, the "hoboes," Mr. Franck says:

"But whatever his stamping ground, the tramp is essentially the same fellow the world over. Buoyant of spirit for all his pessimistic grumble, generous to a fault, he eyes the stranger with deep suspicion at the first greeting, as uncommunicative and non-committal as a bivalve. Then a look, a gesture suggests the worldwide question, 'On the road Jack?' Answer it affirmatively and, though your fatherland be on the opposite side of the earth, he is ready forthwith to open his heart and to divide with you his last crust."

There is no "fine writing" in Mr. Franck's story. It is just the simple, vivid narrative of his experiences and adventures, supplemented by snap-shots of the workers of the world and conditions under which they toil—but its simplicity and vividness set the reader's blood a-tingling. Readers of the Review will find "A Vagabond Journey Around the World" the best book of travel published in many years.

Published by The Century Co., Union Square, New York, at \$3.50 net.

# Why is a Comet ?

By C. J. PICKERT.



BECAUSE two dead, dark stars, wandering through space, came so near as to be reciprocally attractive; that is, they came within a few millions of millions of miles of one another. Then they went for one another. In the course of a few brief centuries, they fell into one another. The occasion was celebrated with fireworks. Each of these cold, dead worlds was thousands of times larger than our little earth, and the impact of their falling together raised temperature from a little above absolute zero to a point where the most obdurate substance becomes gas. Nay, temperature became so high that atoms could no longer maintain their identity, and vast volumes of matter were reduced to a more primary form. We now know that the explosion drove not a little of the substance of the two colliding worlds more than three thousand millions of miles from the center of action; how much farther, we do not know. It is not difficult to understand that everything went whirling; that the entire mass of seething matter acquired a rotary motion; that the conflagration cooled, as its heat was radiated into space; that the cooling caused or permitted a contraction of mass; that localities occupied by denser portions should become centers of attraction, drawing to themselves surrounding particles; that the central portion should be the largest, and by its greater attraction control all the others, and should remain a glowing mass a million years after the smaller outlying bodies had cooled to opaqueness.

Thus became the sun and the planets.

We, ourselves, were mixed up in that ancient collision. Is it any wonder that we have a persistent memory-instinct of eternity? Now, the earth, or any other planet, does not describe a circle, in its path about the sun, because it has not recovered from that old thrust which threw it away from the center. After the thrust, it began to fall back again. But its whirling movement prevented it falling in a right line. The longer it continued falling, the faster it fell; and the faster it moved, the greater became the tangential thrust, until the latter overcame the gravitational power, and it again swung farther from the sun. And thus became the rythm which brings us within less than ninety millions of miles of the sun in December, and thrusts us more than ninety three millions of miles away in June.

So, with all our sister planets. And so, also with the comets. But why is a comet, instead of a planet?

Because, when those two dead old worlds bumped, splinters of rock, gravel, boulders, in great quantities, were hurled thousands of millions. Those that had not, fell directly into the sun; those that had, swing to fall back again, and many of them had acquired a tangential motion. Those that had not, fell directly into the sun; those that had, swing to and fro, as the earth, only, that, being lighter, and falling farther, they describe an ellipse far more elongated. Halley's swings much nearer the sun than does the earth, and farther than Neptune, and we go around the sun seventy times to Halley's comet once.

A comet is merely a swarm of meteors traveling in close company. While distant from the sun, there is no tail or "hair," from which the name is derived. But when near the sun, because it has no protecting atmosphere, the fierce heat boils the gases out of the boulders and gravel, and the sun's rays exert sufficient power to drive the gas particles into space. As the comet recedes from the sun, the tail disappears.

Were we but a little slower, or Halley's comet a bit faster, we should have had an exhibition in May. The earth bears not a few scars which have not been accounted for upon any theory other than contact with comets. And ancient traditions tell of such an occurrence during the human period.

Edmund Halley noted that certain comets traveled in nearly the same path, and came at intervals of seventy years, and boldly foretold the return in 1759, which the comet kindly confirmed, and ever since then we have been adding to our knowledge of why is a comet.



# Working Conditions in the Pittsburg District

By BERTHA WILKINS STARKWEATHER.



BY-PRODUCTS OF THE STEEL MILLS.



MUCH has been said of the high wages paid to steel workers. The fact remains that only about ten per cent. receive more than laborers' pay which is from fifteen to twenty five cents per hour. In positions of great responsibility and danger, "expert wages" are paid to the men in charge. These are based on the tonnage so the wages depend upon the output of the department. They range from three to eight dollars per shift of eight hours.

The common workman at the base of converter or blast furnace working in a constant rain of sparks, with streams of white metal on all sides, is the veritable lamb for slaughter. Yet the competition among the unskilled workmen is often so great that they are willing not only to bribe officers and foremen in order to get a chance to work, but they are careful to keep those bosses "goodnatured".

Since 1897 England has had in operation a law known as the fellow-servant act. Under this law, the employer is responsible for accidents which occur because of the ignorance or carelessness of employees. The dependents of a workman thus killed are compensated for the amount of

the man's wages for the three years just preceding the accident. If he has not been in the employ of the firm for that length of time, the indemnity of his dependents is placed at one hundred and fifty six times the weekly wage. If the workman leaves no dependents, the employer is responsible only for his funeral expenses which are less than fifty dollars. This law has a tendency to place a premium upon men unencumbered by family ties, though it is a dangerous policy to hire young and inefficient men to positions requiring skill and general efficiency. The laws in this country are easy for the employer as he usually manages to blame all accidents to some workman and under cover of such irresponsibility for workman, he escapes.

The employment slip which the men must sign before they are allowed to go to work in the steel mills is a carefully worded little document and serves incidentally as a release to the company in case of accident resulting in injury or death to the signer. The steel mill workers say that because of this release, the steel company does not seem to care whether its men are married or without dependents. Others say that to the management the ideal worker is a strong, docile, willing, unencumbered man who will remain inside the mill fence, in case of a strike and be satisfied to work for months if need be as a scab, with the strike-breaker's restaurant to furnish him with food and drink and the improvised dives to furnish him with entertainment. There are houses filled with cots and every preparation is made for keeping hundreds of men inside the mill yards in case of trouble with the men.

After each "heat" has been drawn from the blast furnace, the slag and refuse must be cleared out before a new charge can be made which is done about every seven hours. To clear the furnaces dynamite is sometimes used for blasting and it is dangerous business because the place is hot. In order to avoid any responsibility for accidents the steel company lets out this blasting to a contractor. He hires the men and if they are hurt, they are pretty sure to find themselves dealing with a poor man. However the steel company take them into the hospital at the mills. This is simply a "bit of generosity" on the part of the company.

Agents for accident insurance companies are given the freedom of the plants and allowed to ply their trade in all languages among the men. If a man says that he can not afford the extortionate premiums asked he is made to feel the displeasure of the company. If he is insured and is injured he can not collect his insurance money from the independent companies, until he has signed a release clearing the steel company from all responsibility for the accident.

The first man on the ground after an accident is the company photographer. He takes photographs from all sides and if any fatalities have occurred, the victims are taken as they died. The photographer



A BESSEMER STEEL CONVERTER.

makes the preliminary examination of witnesses and tells them to be in readiness to be called to the department of safety to make a statement. This department is nominally to protect the workingman but it is more truly used to insure the company against damages.

A workman was called to the department of safety to make a statement in regard to several men who had been killed. He was told to come next day to sign his statement which would then be in typewriting. On reading it over carefully next morning he found that two pages had been added and that it weakened, and in some points contradicted his story. He refused to sign this doctored report and was leaving the room when



the clerk told him to throw out the objectionable portions. Then he signed.

This man was an intelligent American and an eye-witness to the accident but he was not summoned to the coronor's jury. The verdict from that body, was "From testimony presented, we the jury, are unable to determine the cause of said explosion." They had called in a few frightened Hungarians who had to give their statements through an interpreter and who for the most part, stood blinking and shrugging their shoulders afraid of doing anything which would make them lose their precious jobs.

#### THE STEEL MILLS' HOSPITAL SERVICE.

For ten years the good ladies of Homestead, Pa. have been trying to raise a fund for the purpose of building a hospital for injured steel-workers by giving straw-berry socials, fairs, etc. They insist in their kindness of heart that it is cruel to rattle the injured and dying men from fifteen to twenty miles to Pittsburg or McKeesport to the public hospitals.



A STEEL KING'S HOME.



A STEEL WORKER'S HOME.

But hospitals cost much money and Andrew Carnegie with his mind set on books and on the stars which young men should hitch to their wagons; Carnegie, who has reduced absentee management to a fine art; who is not within hearing of the shrieks of pain which sometimes come from the ambulances; this Mr. Carnegie has offered not a cent toward efficient hospital service in the mill-towns. The mills pay one dollar per day for each patient cared for at the public hospitals. This does not pay the cost of caring for injured and so the state of Pennsylvania makes up the difference from the taxes of the people.

In South Chicago, the Steel Mills have established a small, well-equipped hospital within the Mill enclosure near the 89th Street gate. With the slum street on the out-side of the wall and the constant roar of passing trains, stationary engines, whistles, the booming of blasts in the furnaces; all the roar of this intensive plant of production about them, the victims of industry lie in their beds, trying to get well.

Sanitary conditions seem to be better here, however. An electric magnet stands in readiness to attract metals from wounds. This is of great value to the unfortunate man with metal in his anatomy which went in hot and in a hurry and then had plenty of time to get cool, searing his

flesh. The magnet pulls out bits of metal which no surgeon would be able to trace. Like a good shepherd the little magnet point, calls its own with its mysterious force, "and they know his voice and come."

A pathetic incident is told by the women of the neighborhood. A young American of Polish parentage was killed one morning and taken to the hospital morgue. When his young wife came with his dinner to wait for him at the gate, the keeper asked her husband's work-number. It was the number of the man who had been killed. He was dismayed to face the situation before him. There stood the young woman bright and expectant, smiling in anticipation of the chat she would have with her husband as he ate the hot dinner she had brought in her basket. Soon the look in her eyes grew wistful—his dinner was getting cold; so afraid were the men of the scene, it is said, that they let her wait for hours before the truth of her widowhood was finally told her.

The following accident is another typical one and illustrates what happens behind the steel mill enclosure. The converter bottom was blown away in one of the plants and the fifteen tons of metal, three thousand two hundred degrees hot, made a hell of the black depths of the building.

When the foreman had picked himself up and found that his injury was only two dislocated ribs, he turned to the dead and the dying. Two men were writhing in the most horrible torture and several with fearful burns were moving about. After the dying had been sent out on stretchers and the wounded sent away to walk to the hospital with a fellow workman, the foreman turned to the glowing heaving mass of metal on the ground. One of the Slag-men stepped up to him and whispered, pointing to the metal, "Mike's in there!"

"Which Mike?" asked the foreman.

"Mike, the slag-man."

The foreman convinced himself that there was certainly no Mike in the slag-man-crew who worked at the base of the converter.

The company's record of the two men who died in the hospital that day, was as follows:

Name—John Knezovitch.

Address—Strand Street.

Occupation—Vessel Slagman.

Injuries sustained. Severely burned on body, head, legs and arms. Caused by No. 3 bottom blowing off.

Name—Daniel Reploch.

Address?

Occupation—Vessel Slagman.

Injuries sustained. Severely burned on body, head, legs and arms. Caused by No. 3 bottom blowing off.



The coronor's record, dated nine days after the accident, was as follows:

"Milo Knezovich, now lying dead at 8749 Commercial Avenue, (undertaking establishment) said city of Chicago, came to his death on the 30th day of April, 1906, at the Illinois Steel Company's hospital from shock of burns received from being caught in a mass of molten metal which fell from a vessel above him in the converting department in the Illinois Steel Company's plant on April 30th, 1906, after an explosion in said vessel on above date. From the testimony presented, we, the jury, are unable to determine the cause of said explosion."

The case of the other inquest was exactly like the above, only that the name given by the company, as Daniel Reploch was recorded by the



LIBRARY OF A PITTSBURG CAPITALIST.

coronor as Thomas Joran, with the same report as above and the same witnesses and jury.

The Hungarian who insisted that Mike "was in there," was unfortunate. His fellows said that he talked too much. He lost his job.

"Those fellows shifting along as if they could hardly walk another step, are blast furnace men," remarked an old workman, as we watched the men leaving the mills after work. "I can spot a furnace man every time. They work a twelve hour day for less than two dollars and on each alternate Sunday, they work a straight twenty-four hours without stopping. That gives them a whole Sunday off every two weeks. There are only three other kinds of work worse than this: the lead works, the sugar refineries, and the fertilizer works in Packingtown! It's all hell to the unfortunate man who is so placed as to have only such work to keep him from starvation."

In all the departments where the hot iron is handled many men succumb to the heat and are often carried out by their fellows gasping for breath. Perspiration must flow in streams from their faces and it must keep their heavy double woolen shirts soaked, to save the men from "keeling over." They wear the thickest woolen shirts to be had in the market, even in summer as a protection from flying sparks. Wool smothers fire, where cotton or linen would burn.

I would rather spend fifteen years winning one wage worker to the Army of the Revolution than one day in converting a professional man. Sympathizers may come and may go, but the workers who are suffering from wage-slavery must continue to fight and to struggle until Capitalism it abolished. . . .

—Wm. D. Haywood.

# The Mother's Future.

By GEORGIA KOTSCH.

She bore us in her dreaming womb,  
And laughed into the face of death;  
She laughed in her strange agony,—  
To give her little baby breath.

Then, by some holy mystery,  
She fed us from her sacred breast,  
Soothed us with little birdlike words—  
To rest—to rest—to rest—to rest;

Yea, softly fed us with her life,—  
Her bosom like the world in May;  
Can it be true that men thus fed  
Feed women—as I hear them say?  
—Richard Le Gallienne.



AN proposes, but God disposes," runs the old proverb.

"The living form of Socialism has long been perfecting itself within the crasis of civilization," may be Belfort Bax's way of expressing the same idea as it applies to the social evolution.

With the seemingly all-powerful Canute of capitalism commanding the "rising tide of Socialism" back to the deep sea caves of ignorance and helpless servility and with the occasional Socialist who now and again goes down to the beach, broom in hand, to sweep back a wave which threatens to wet the feet of a pet prejudice of which he, advanced soul though he is, has not yet rid himself, evolution goes serenely on with it "disposing" in the interest of "the living form" of the time to be.

The broom-wielders are interesting. It would be much indeed to expect that men reared under capitalism, they and their forbears for generations lapped and nurtured in its false traditions and standards, should suddenly stand forth in the full stature and perfect proportions of the Socialist ideal. And so we find some of the good comrades with ideas a bit aslant in regard to woman, particularly the married woman, under Socialism.

Recently a Socialist paper which has possibly converted more people



in this country to Socialism than any other one influence save Standard Oil, was asked by an anxious subscriber what would be the condition of married women under Socialism. Now, Socialists disclaim knowledge as to details of the coming commonwealth, and yet the spirit of prophecy is strong within them, and the gist of the editor's reply was that under Socialism the husband would make enough to support the family. This, it must be acknowledged, would be a great improvement over the present state of the married woman. Now she can never be sure of the security of her master's income; then she would have only the uncertainty as to whether he would deal fairly with her. There is, however, a point of doubt here. Women have, through long practice, learned how to get along with a slave. With a free man there might be trouble. He might be arrogant.

Listening recently, to an ultra scientific lecturer, a kind and well-intentioned man, explaining what the full social value of a man's work under Socialism would signify, he said: "There will always be non-productive persons for whom society will have to care, mothers who are rearing children, cripples, etc."

Here was real encouragement. Under the present regime women are classed with the imbecile, criminal, insane. Under Socialism we shall at least not be disgraced, for a cripple may be a gentleman of the highest character and attainments. The worst that can be said of him is that he is unfortunate. So mothers who are rearing children will be raised to the class of the merely unfortunate.

Opening Comrade Vail's "Modern Socialism," a book widely circulated for propaganda purposes because of its clear enunciation of Socialist principles and their application to the various relations of life, I find the author expatiating upon the economic independence which Socialism will bring to unmarried women, but alas, it seems that if they are so foolish as to marry it is gone. He says, "Socialists hold that it is the husband's province to provide for the necessities of his family, and the very fact that the new order would render it easy for a man to support a family would encourage matrimony."

Thus the vocation of wife and mother would render an independent woman dependent upon one man and this is innocently supposed to be an inducement to her to marry. Could anyone but a man have written that!

Comrade Richardson, another of our most able writers, after dealing in profound wisdom with markets, cost of commodities, exploitation and incentives, comes in due course to the woman question. Being a courageous man he scorns the only safe course for him, viz., dodging it, and tosses it off in this wise: "Woman—the complete woman—the woman who is living the life for which nature qualified her—the woman

who is living the life that every true and thoroughly womanly woman is ambitious to live, is a mother and in her own home."

In Wilshire's, the Podunk philosopher, whose social soothsaying has a definite turn, prefaces an article in all sincerity, "The proper study of mankind is man." Laboriously he builds up a 51 per cent. oligarchy, runs amuck against the other 49 per cent., ignominiously deserts his "man study" and clutches at the skirts of woman to save his wobbly Jericho walls from toppling and allowing the 49 per cent. jobless philistines to invade the 51 per cent. job monopoly. And what is to be woman's reward for propping up this futile substitute of a larger for a smaller class rule, this whole monument to man's muddling? O, that's easy. She is to be rescued from industry and permitted to revert to the *Man Hunt*. In the language of the genial Fra of humbuggery, "I hope we have not lost our sense of humor."

A glance at our national platform and these will suffice as samples of broom wielding.

The platform is a well-meaning document. That I know, Socialist men fully intend to give to woman equal opportunity—that is, the equal opportunity which man considers it wise and proper she should have.

Upon first looking over the platform I hopefully read all the hims and his-es in the generic sense, getting along very nicely until I come to, "Capitalism drags their wives from their homes to the mill and the factory," which is equivalent to objecting that "his wife"—his property—should be dragged forth to "serve" somebody else instead of "him." There I rebelled, being wedded to the belief that, whatever the temporary hardship, if a woman must serve a master, service in the world of industry will broaden her mental scope and develop her sense of social responsibility more than will service to one man.

Comrade Vail says, "The door to most departments of industrial employments has been opened to women and with the most baneful results." The introduction of steam power and machinery had the most baneful results for working men, but Socialism does not propose on that account to put men back at hand work, and no more, my comrade brothers, does it propose to put woman back into the narrow walls from which she is escaping. Socialists fling the gleeful gibe at Mr. Bryan and the bourgeois trust-busters who would set back the clock of progress in the organization of industry, yet some of them would put woman back into her "sphere" after she is married.

And what will she do there? In the words of the Moor, her occupation is gone, or soon will be. The labor with which she erstwhile beguiled the day and part of the night has gone to the machine and to fingers especially trained for each specific task. The creamery has taken her dairying. She can no longer make soap or candles, weave, spin or knit

in the home to advantage. Sewing, washing, ironing, the nursing of the sick, canning, preserving, baking—in a word, cooking—are rapidly going from the home. Thus is evolution “disposing.”

Dr. Luther Halsey Gulick, of the Russell Sage Foundation, says, “Many functions of the old family unit are now being performed by the community in other and mainly better ways. The home is no longer the scene of activities which make up social life. The school brings about the selection of skilled individuals from the community who shall serve as models for our children, and since we are, on the whole, securing persons for school teachers who are far better patterns than the average parent, we are improving our social inheritance. This is only another step in the specialization of motherhood.”

Professor Simon N. Patten, of the University of Pennsylvania, says, “There is no longer need for woman’s labor in the home. Is she going to sit idle or is she going to make herself of use in the community? I do not question that she will make herself of use and thus solve her problem.”

Are Socialist men going to allow these capitalist-minded gentlemen to be more scientific upon an economic and social question than they?

In this transition period there are thousands of women who, not being compelled to enter the industrial field and having no training nor opportunity for usefulness in other lines, are prisoners of pettiness, living objectless and discontented lives.

The masculine psychology, in its management of women, entrenches itself in such phrases as “the mother function,” and “mother instinct,” as its last citadel. Capitalism has demonstrated that women have other important functions as well as the mother function and it does not take much of a prophet to foresee that under correct conditions the performance of the mother function need not deter her from entering into the world’s work. That she should be paid, not cared for by society as an unfortunate, while performing this function of race necessity, should never come up for question among Socialists. Mother instinct is a fine thing, provided it is guided by trained intelligence. There comes a day when the mother instinct, thus guided, says, “That baby which you call yours is not wholly yours. She has individual rights and society has a claim upon her. Henceforth you must employ time hitherto given to her in some other way. The kindergarten teacher is fitted as you are not to care for her at this stage of her life. And you surrender her to one after another of the trained educators provided by society as a whole. Other mothers surrender the feeding of their children to the cooks provided by society for school children.

Under Socialism shall we specialize in every other line of usefulness and shall this most important matter, the rearing of the children, be left to the haphazard chance of the individual mother, whether or not she be



capable? We shall do nothing so foolish. Many mothers are not competent to rear their own children but may do other splendid work for which they are adapted.

And is the sacred home then to be destroyed? The mouthpieces of capitalism have almost bullied us into timidity when it comes to discussing the home. Let me fortify myself. Says Bax, "Socialism is the great modern protest against unreality, against the delusive shams which now masquerade as verities," and Emerson says, "He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness."

There is no sacred home where the woman is not upon an economic equality with the man. And shall home be less sacred because it is not a workshop or because its members are not thrown together so constantly that they rasp each other's less amiable characteristics into painful prominence? With Mrs. Gilman I agree also that a "family unity which is only bound together with a table cloth is of questionable value."

Woman is standing upon the brink of accomplishment, of joy in the world's work and a willing sharer in its responsibilities. She is groping toward the social consciousness. She will go forward and not back, and the home, freed from grimy toil and economic compulsion, will become such a place of tender love and friendly solicitude that members of the same family will actually be polite to each other.



# Still Fighting at Glace Bay.

By J. B. McLACHLAN.



ON July 6, 1909, was inaugurated, what has turned out to be the largest, longest, and bitterest strike of coal miners ever waged in Canada. The unique thing about this fight, is the transformation of a trade union called the Provincial Workman's Association, with a thirty years life behind it, into a scab organization that welcomes into its ranks imported strike breakers of every kind and description.

There are some 13,000 miners in Nova Scotia, a third of whom up till two years ago belonged to the P. W. A. For years the miners of this small organization carried on a very unequal struggle against the Dominion Coal Company, the largest coal corporation in Canada. Sheer economic necessity at length forced them to appeal to the United Mine Workers of America, to come over and organize them into a district of that body.

The P. W. A. in its palmy days was never anything but a little toy trade union that was used by the coal companies to make the men believe they were organized. It was patted on the back by politician, press, pulpit, and profit-monger and lauded to the skies by these as an organization well able to look after every interest of the mine workers. Grand Secretary is its highest office, and was for many years, and is still, filled by John Moffatt.

Oily, smooth, pious; a man who invariably, when attacked, plays the martyr's roll to the limit. By birth a Scotchman; by adoption a Canadian; by nature a traitor; by profession a scab organizer; and by long and continued habit the arch-lick-spittle of the Dominion Coal Company. Such is the man who fills the office of Grand Secretary of the P. W. A.

At the behest of the Coal Companies this fellow called a convention of the P. W. A. in May 1908 "to put a stop to the agitation going on amongst the men for the introduction of the U. M. W. of A." The convention met, and he failed. This convention decided to take a referendum vote as to whether the miners of Nova Scotia should join the U. M. W. of A., or remain in the P. W. A.

On June 24th, the vote was taken and the U. M. W. of A. came out on top with a majority of 412. As soon as navigation closed in November, 1908, the Dominion Coal Company locked out one thousand men, and expected that zero weather and starvation would crush the spirit of revolt, that Moffatt's silly, pious platitudes about patriotism had failed to stay.

Failure again was the result. The men stuck to the organization of their choice, and March, 1909, at length arrived. Navigation was again about to open and coal could be shipped up the St. Lawrence. The Dominion Coal Company was in a dilemma. Greed and fear filled their hearts. Greed said, "Take back the men and make profits right now." Fear, pointed to a strong, virile, aggressive organization that would assuredly, if it got a foot hold, make a large inroad on the dividends in the future. A hurried meeting of all the coal operators of the province was called, and met in the town of Truro, N. S., and a compromise between fear and greed was reached. Each was sworn, "not to deal in any way whatever with the U. M. W. of A. but to sustain and 'do business' with the P. W. A." The locked out men were taken back, but they realized that the cessation of hostilities was only temporary, and on July 1, 1909, over two-thirds of the employees of the Dominion Coal Company walked out on strike. The remainder staying with the P. W. A. and giving the glad hand of welcome to every strike-breaker and thug imported by the Dominion Coal Company.

The fight was now on in dead earnest. A month previous to the strike the coal company had 625 special police sworn in. Many of the "loyal" P. W. A. members, including John Moffatt, donned the tin badge of the corporation thug, which gave them the right to swagger around town with a gun on their hip. 600 soldiers and three machine guns were rushed into the mining towns about Glace Bay. During the summer months, specially on Saturday nights, these gun men without reason, or warning would swoop down on the town of Glace Bay flaunting their naked knives in the air, and hustle peaceable strikers from the side-walk into the street. The strikers were arrested in scores on frivolous and trumped-up charges and thrown into jail. Two continents were ransacked and everybody that could be induced to take a free trip to Glace Bay, was given one, in the hope that he would remain there a strike-breaker. Scabs and thugs were expected to break the strike. They failed. One month after another sped away and the men still stuck to each other. Meantime the coal company with its "loyal" P. W. A. men and imported scabs had managed to raise their daily output a few thousand tons. Winter again arrived; enraged at its inability to break the strike with jails, thugs, and scabs the Dominion Coal Company like another Nero or Nana Sahib turned its ferocity against tender women and little children. During the past winter months hundreds of mothers with crying, clinging, trembling little children hanging to their dresses, have been evicted from their homes, and thrown on to the streets in blinding snow storms, with the glass ranging from zero to 18 below. Neither youth, age, sex nor sickness appealed successfully to these pitiless iron-hearted ruffians. An old and obsolete law was resurrected and



the peoples' belongings taken for back rent, and some families were left with nothing but what they stood up in.

The strikers have weathered the rigours of another Canadian winter imbued with the spirit that it would be better to fill a freeman's grave than a coward's job.

Some weeks ago the old management resigned, which means that they had conferred on them the ancient and honorable Order of the Sack. A new superintendent and general manager were appointed. Press and pulpit rang with the praises of the new men. For a few weeks all evictions were stopped. Men were let out on suspended sentences, honeyed words were now tried where brutality had failed. The men had been fighting for ten months for something substantial, and refused to go back to work on promises which appeared to them pretty little airy nothings. The mask was then dropped and seventeen families thrown on to the street. Men out, on suspended sentences were arrested and placed in jail. One fellow, who had the hardihood to leave the employ of these good, God fearing men and join the strikers, had his home entered at midnight by a band of thugs and he and his family driven off the "company's property" four hours after he had joined the U. M. W. of A.

The fight has cost the U. M. W. of A. three-quarters of a million, and to-day preparations are under way to tie up every mine in Nova Scotia, if a settlement is not effected at an early date. If the other operators refuse the demands of their men, then we can settle down for another years fight. The men here will win fighting, or lose fighting; give up till the last dollar is spent they never will.

It has been a grand time for socialist propaganda. Hundreds of the men imported were the discontented of the capitalist countries of Europe. They thought they saw an escape from capitalist oppression by taking the free passes handed out by the Dominion Coal Company. The coal company thought it was importing scabs when it was really bringing men who shall be its grave diggers. The writer visited a shack where sixteen of these men were; a U. M. W. of A. interpreter told them I was an officer of the U. M. W. They grinned and nodded; not one of them speaking a word of English. He then said, I was a member of Glace Bay socialist local. That did the trick, in a moment they were round me shaking my hand and the grins gave place to beaming faces.

The local comrades have taken advantage while the miners were in a mood to think and have spread the literature of socialism amongst them, where, hitherto stoic conservativeism reigned, it is now fast becoming red. On the whole the fight has been good for us all.

"Fair flies life amid the struggle,  
And the cause for each shall choose."



# The Economic Aspects of the Negro Problem.

By I. M. ROBBINS.

*The Solution: A Prophecy and a Remedy.*



IF amalgamation is to continue, it is evidently probable only at the very fringe of the negro race among those members of it, among whom "crossing the hue" is frequent, to whom the entire status of the negro applies most cruelly, most unreasonably. There a racial prejudice often rises to destroy the happiness of innocent people, as for instance in the splendid play, the Nigger, which was presented to the New York public at the New Theatre last winter. Where biological and esthetical reasons no longer exist, there the emancipation of the negro race will make further amalgamation possible.

It is possible to imagine that in the indefinite future such a legitimate amalgamation at the fringe will lead to completed amalgamation of the negro race. Professor Giddings a few years ago made that prediction, to the horror of the Southern Aristocracy, the same aristocracy, which often secretly gossips about the drop of African blood in this or that exclusive family. Of course, it is quite evident, that as a practical problem this far delayed process need not cause any one sleepless nights at present. Whether the light increase of legitimate amalgamation will overcome the decline in illegitimate relations, consequent upon the moral, intellectual and economic improvement of the negro race, is a statistical problem with too many unknown quantities to permit of an exact solution. But supposing such a result is inevitable, what are its historical horrors?

The 10,000,000 negroes represent scarcely more than 10 per cent of our population. Were we able to estimate the exact proportion of white blood in the veins of these ten millions negroes then the proportion of negro blood to the entire sum total of ethnic elements of this country would dwindle down perceptibly. Add to this the continuous flow of white immigration, which is a constant factor, depressing the percentage of negro blood. In another century the negroes, even including all the quasi-negroes, will represent no more than four or five percent. Their entire amalgamation would introduce one twentieth or one twenty-fifth into the Caucasian race. Is our conceit



really so great as to actually make us believe that this is a danger to our national efficiency? There are hundreds and perhaps thousands of "white" men and women, highly esteemed by their friends, who have more than that amount of negro blood.

The scare of amalgamation is a phantom, which consciously or unconsciously, the Southerner holds before our eyes, in justification of his anti-negro policy and in furtherance of his brutal exploitation of negro labor.

Our ideal has been defined and defended. Is there any historical justification for it? Is it a dream or a prophecy? Thus we come to the second element in the solution of the negro problem.

It is quite easy to put a wet blanket over the hope of ultimate negro emancipation. As we have shown repeatedly, recent years have brought about a decided aggravation of the negro's position. The curtailment of his rights goes on, and anti-negro riots become more frequent, the specific southern sentiment is no longer local—it gradually extends over the rest of the country, because of the diffusion of the negro population, as A. H. Stone insists, and often even in advance of it, by direct psychological infection following the diffusion of the white southerners throughout northern cities. Even Booker Washington in the privacy of his study is discouraged and pessimistic at times, though insisting on the platform and in interviews that everything must turn out well in the end. The protests of the few radical negro leaders remain voices in the wilderness thus far. History does not favor the negro at present.

But... history does not move in straight lines. Under pressure of economic forces it follows the line of least resistance, no matter how roundabout and crooked. The logic of social evolution is not the logic of a human mind shaping itself to a purpose. And a careful analysis of the social forces, blindly acting, does to my mind, point at one sign of hope and promise for the negro. And that is the negro's resistance, the negro's reaction to the white man's oppression.

In her lectures to the American audiences Mrs. Pankhurst very wisely pointed out that no element in society succeeded in gaining its rights in face of the opposition of the oppressors until it has made a nuisance of itself. This conforms with the socialist philosophy that the emancipation of the downtrodden must be the result of their own efforts, or as our Russian socialist friends eloquently express it in their motto: "Through struggle shall thou gain thy rights."

Dissatisfaction and protest is the first step to resistance and struggle, and the dissatisfaction of the American negro must inevitably grow. All educational activity among the negroes tends to increase this dissatisfaction, the agitation of the radical negro tends to in-

crease it, and even the sermon of economic betterment so meekly taught by Booker Washington, works in the same direction, in so far as it produces more efficient, more intelligent and more prosperous negro workmen.

We may therefore assume that the forces of negro dissatisfaction must eventually be measured by the entire strength of the negro population. It is perfectly clear however, that by themselves the negroes will ever be in a hopeless minority, and therefore unable to influence legislation, or forcibly acquire the rights, which are unjustly denied them. It is because of this evident helplessness that the negroes have been forced to hold tenaciously to the Republican party as their only ally, and as with the growth of industrialism and the protective spirit, the South is rapidly turning republican, all interest for the negro has entirely been lost, and the negro for the first time feels that he is without white friends.

But in political struggles sentimental friends are very much less to be depended upon than business allies. Were a united white race confronting the negroes of this country, his position, in view of the present attitude towards the negro, would appear to be almost a hopeless one. But the 80 million white men and women are not so united, and among the struggling factions of the white race the negro must look for his most trustworthy ally.

Thus far this is cool and business-like politics. When the question is asked, what element of the white population will want to join hands with the negro, the answer is: only that element which will be forced to do so, that element which will find itself on the same side of the fight as the negro: the American workingclass.

The present relations between these two social groups are such that our prophecy will seem to the negro but an idle dream, and the white workingmen, the vast majority of them, and practically all of them in the South, will dismiss it with disgust. The present antagonism between the white and the negro workingmen may be said to represent the most acute aspect of the negro problem. For barring, perhaps, the occasional outburst of violence and bloodshed, nothing hurts the negro as much, and nothing raises his wrath so as does the opposition of white labor to his efforts to obtain a footing in the industrial field, or to retain it after having once won it. "Granted that you do not want us in your parlor, nor in your cars, theaters, libraries, nor on your juries, or in your civil service; and granted that you have decided to keep us out of all political life, and to deny us ally and help in the preparation of laws under which we must live, or the levying of taxes, which we must pay—surely, surely, you must give

us an opportunity to pursue peacefully our trades and to earn a living."

This very thing the white workmen, whether organized or not, do deny the negro laborer, unless he is willing to remain satisfied with the lowest and least remunerative employment.

Thus the white and negro workmen are not only not allied in their economic struggle, but are actually engaged now in suicidal struggle, a struggle, it must be admitted, of the white man's making.

And right here the philosophy of political struggle comes in. In this peculiar struggle between white and negro labor, capital will invariably be found on the side of negro labor. This struggle furnishes the only opportunity for southern capital to become fond of the negro, and appreciative of the negro's rights. Thus with the help of southern white capital, negro labor is enabled to become a very great nuisance and danger for white labor.

Unless we are ready to deny all intelligence in the American workman, we must admit that the only possible way to counteract this nuisance, to avoid that danger, is for the American workman to enter into an alliance with the negro competitor and thus realize the principle, that "when combination is possible, competition becomes impossible." It is because I can look a little further into the future, and see the inevitable developments, that I welcome such struggles as the one that recently arose on the Georgia Railroad, for they help to clear the issues. And personally, I confess, that I can not repress my satisfaction when the negro laborer succeeds in beating his white brother, even if it be with the help of his employer. For the childish attitude of the southern white workman needs that lesson.

It is idle for the white workman to depend upon the negro hater's fairy tales of the negro's inability to enter industrial life. Southern capital is willing to defend this theory—on paper, until a real labor struggle sets in. And, of late, northern capital has learned to depend upon negro scabs as well. The vast contributions to the industrial schools of the type of Tuskegee and Hampton should by this time have opened the eyes of the American workman, to the fact, that the entrance of negro labor into industrial life of the country is a question of time only and cannot be resisted. A priori, the Socialist could have predicted that. Or was it to be assumed for a moment that 10,000,000 good strong pairs of arms would be left forever ununionized in the process of extracting surplus value?

And thus here and there, in the North and even in the South, labor unions are forced to organize the negro workers or to admit them into their own unions on certain terms of equality. Either this movement must grow, or the number of negro scabs must grow, and



destroy the white man's union. For nothing would be more dangerous, not to say detrimental, to the entire cause of organized labor, than the systematic breeding of a large body of embittered "scabs," scabs out of choice, necessity and principle, scabs who are now taught by their own negro leaders, that their only chance to succeed is to underbid the organized white workman.

And what is true of the economic struggle must sooner or later be true of the political struggle as well.

It is not necessary for me to go into extended discussions concerning the importance of the political struggle for the betterment and final emancipation of the working class. But in this field the negro may at present appear to be absolutely powerless and therefore useless as an ally. Nevertheless, arbitrary as have been curtailments of the negro's political rights, his political influence has not altogether been destroyed. And if this country is ever to see a powerful, influential political labor movement, it will be forced to take the negro into account.

The developments we are discussing will not take place in the immediate future, but in analysing as large and broad a problem as this, it is not wise to hedge one self within narrow time limits. We are dealing here with broad historical tendencies and these point towards certain directions. The diffusion of negroes throughout the country must proceed at an accelerated rate. The breaking up of the solid democratic South will, though slowly, reestablish in some degree the political rights of some negroes in the South. The repeated failures of the disfranchisement amendments in Maryland, even the failure of Vardaman's senatorial campaign in Mississippi point in that direction. And with the quiet balancing of powers in the bitter political struggles between capital and labor which this country must go through in some more or less distant future, the actual balance may be formed in the hands of isolated minorities. Will the fear of amalgamation, will the objection to "parlor" equality always be strong enough to prevent the American white workman from joining hands with his natural economic ally, and thus force him to remain the political as well as economic scab in employ of the moneyed minority?

Thus in the very **struggle for emancipation**, and not only after achieving the victory, will the American white working class be forced to join hands with the negro, and in return help him obtain his final goal—the economic and legal equality, not out of humanitarian considerations or because of a abstract desire to solve an interesting sociological problem.

Is an ideal and a prophecy sufficient? The poet is satisfied with the dream of the golden age in the future, the calm student and

philosopher studies things as they were, as they are and as they will be. But we are not all poets or philosophers, and a sorry world it would be if we were. The ordinary man, the man of action, when confronted with a difficult problem, asks: What shall I do? And only through the collective action of all these men is the prophecy and ideal realized. Whence the popularity of remedies, whether scientific or otherwise. It will be utterly futile, for me, therefore to avoid prescribing for the social disease I have described and analysed at such length.

Of remedies for the solution of the negro problem there are many more, even than there are ideals concerning the nature of the inevitable solution—for even when agreeing concerning the ideal, people may and do disagree about the best, quickest and easiest way of reaching it. Supposing we agreed that the only way to solve the negro problem was to get rid of the negro. Still there would be many different opinions about the best way to get rid of him: whether to forcibly ship him back to Africa, or to let him die off gradually by refusing him all knowledge of the laws of life and health, or to kill them off, which manifestly would be the quickest way.

But obviously it is unnecessary to subject to a minute and careful scrutiny all the different remedies proposed, as for instance the very elaborate plan of Rickett, to ship them to Africa, developed in a book of 600 pages. Nor need we spend too much time whether Vardaman's plan of denying all schooling to the negro, or the industrial institutes and schools for servants are the best method to teach the negro, "his proper station in life." Speaking as I do, to American workingmen and socialists, and assuming the ideal and the prophecy, which I have developed above—I want to consider one question only: What can the radical American workingman and the American Socialist do to help along the negro's struggle for emancipation, and to make him an ally, rather than an obstruction and an enemy to the American working class in its struggle for emancipation?

In Socialist literature the problem is not a new one. In the *International Socialist Review* alone, before this series of articles began, I counted as many as ten articles on the negro problem. Such authoritative thinkers and leaders as Debs, Darrow, Meily and Vail have participated in these discussions, in addition to Southern comrades, qualified to speak because of their local interest in and first hand knowledge of the problem.

It is a sad fact nevertheless that there is very little interest concerning the negro problem among the Socialists outside of the narrow circles of Southern locals. Perhaps the first advice that must be given

to the American Socialists is to pay a good deal more attention to this as to other practical problems of American life.

In so far as the Socialists have paid attention to this problem, however, it is somewhat difficult to define their attitude on the problem, or at least on its practical aspects of it. If one wants to limit himself to the official expressions of opinions such as are contained in the platform and formal party resolutions, one may get a fairly definite point of view. But I cannot help feeling that, with all due deference to official party resolutions, that they do not often reflect the true opinion of the body of the party members; and in any case there is never that unanimity of opinion which the consideration of official documents alone might lead us to assume.

Moreover, one fails to find very many expressions of official opinion. The "negro resolutions" adopted at the national convention of 1900 are specific:

"Resolved, that we, the American Socialist Party, invite the negro to membership and fellowship with us in the world movement for economic emancipation by which equal liberty and opportunity shall be secured to every man and fraternity become the order of the world."

But one fails to find similar expressions of opinion in the labor platforms of either 1904 or 1908. As far as I was able to discover, the word "negro" fails to appear in either platform, and even in the demands enumerated in the platform of 1904 and much more thoroughly in the platform of 1908, there is none that even by construction can be made to apply to the peculiar grievances of the negro. Even the model state and municipal platforms presented to the National Convention of 1909 by a special committee avoid this matter. And yet discriminations against the negro are frequent in municipal, state and national life.

About the only demand, that by implication may be said to favor the negro, is the immediate demand:

"Unrestricted and equal suffrage for men and women."

But if in framing these demands the negro was actually kept in mind,—why were the Socialists, "in convention assembled" afraid to say so plainly? Was it because they were afraid to step on the toes of a few Southern delegates?

Is this fair? Is it wise? Is it practical?

Don't tell me, that the Socialist's justice towards the negro is self-understood! Why should the radical negro make such an assumption? Have the American labor unions inspired him with such faith in the fairness and justice of the American white working-man? Haven't some of the most radical of the American politicians,



such as Bryan and Watson, remained thoroughly reactionary as far as the negro is concerned? How does the radical negro, how does a Du Bois or a Trotter know that Socialists will treat him any better?

Socialist philosophy is incompatible with negro repression, you say? How is the negro to know it? And are you so very sure that the cooperative commonwealth is unthinkable with Jim Crow cars, and other characteristic virtues of modern Soutehrñ life?

I know, that in thus pleading for a "clear cut, uncompromising, revolutionary" negro plank in our national platform I go contrary to the opinions of the highest authorities on the Socialist movement.

Says Eugene V. Debs, (or at least, he did say some 6 or 7 years ago):

"Permit me to express the hope that the next convention may repeal the resolutions on the negro question. The negro does not need them and they serve to increase rather than diminish the necessity for explanation.

We have nothing special to offer the negro, and we cannot make separate appeals to all the races.

"The Socialist party is the party of the working class, regardless of color—the whole working class of the whole world."\*

Nevertheless, such is the irony of circumstances, that only two months later Debs himself was forced to quote this long resolution verbatim, because "it constitutes a vital part of the national platform of the Socialist party and clearly defines its attitude towards the negro."\*\*

The negro resolution thus proved useful sooner than expected, and would prove useful again.

Far be it from me to question even for a moment the sincerity and humanity of as broadhearted a man as Debs. But wasn't the attitude as quoted in the lengthy extract above, really begging the entire question?

The Socialist party in this country "in convention assembled" does not make the platform for the Socialist movement of the world, but for the United States only, and in these United States, there is a negro problem, and there is no Swedish or Irish problem. For this reason no "separate appeals to all the races" are necessary, but a special appeal to the negro is necessary, for the special grievances which he suffers from are to him no less real than the general grievances of each and every wage-earner. And when Comrade Debs says: "Properly speaking, there is no negro question outside of the

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\*) I. S. R., Vol. V., 6. 260, Sov., 1903. ("The Negro in the Class Struggle.")

\*\*) I. S. R., Vol. V., p. 392, Jan., 1904 ("The Negro and its Nemesis.")

labor question" he voices an opinion, sincerely held by many Socialists, but unfortunately contradicted by facts of every day experience.

In the last analysis our attitude upon this one special problem of modern economic and social life will depend upon our general point of view upon the proper aims and objects of the Socialist movement. And here I feel full well, that I may come in conflict with the views of Comrade Kerr and those of the *International Socialist Review*, but the reader surely understands that no one but myself is to be held responsible for anything I may here state. Is the Socialist movement a movement exclusively shaped for the purpose of accomplishing the establishment of the cooperative commonwealth without further regard for anything that happens before that final goal is achieved, or is it the expression of all the economic and political aspirations of the workingclass in the immediate present as well as in the more or less distant future when that final revolution will become an immediate issue?

Until very recently, the former opinion was held by a vast majority of the American Socialists. It is evidently this conception that prompts Debs to say, "with the 'nigger' question, the 'race war' from the capitalist view point we have nothing to do. In capitalism the negro question is a grave one and will grow more threatening as the contradictions and complications of capitalist society multiply, but this need not worry us. Let them settle the negro question in their way, if they can. We have nothing to do with it, for that is their fight."

But if, as the evolution of the Socialist movement in this country during the last five years has unmistakably demonstrated, anything that concerns the working class in the present is also a concern of the Socialist party, if in 1908 it was thought necessary to present eighteen specific industrial, political and social demands, including such as the abolition of the senate, woman suffrage, conservation of health, a creation of a department of health and what not, can we still consistently hold that the race friction is "their fight"? When the engineers and firemen of the Georgia Railroad insisted upon the discharge of the negro firemen, because they were **negroes**, and the later were supported by the Railroad managers, who ostensibly demonstrated a greater humanitarian feeling than the white fellow wage-earner, was the fight between white and black wage-earners **their fight** or was it **our fight**? No, comrades, it will not do to avoid the issue. Every struggle of this nature (and they are rapidly multiplying) is an indication that the situation is becoming graver, and every struggle of this kind that the Socialists disregard is an opportunity lost!

And supposing it were understood by the negroes that the So-

cialists (under socialism) expect to grant the negro his right to work and the "full enjoyment of the product of his labor?" Is that enough? Will that convince the negro that the Socialist movement is his movement?

"Socialism," says a Southern writer, "is primarily an economic and industrial movement, the object of which is to secure to every man, white and black alike, economic justice and equality in the full enjoyment of the product of his labor."\*

Only economic and industrial? Does it not also strive for political and social justice in its broadest sense?

Shouldn't we at least explain to the negro, that having no interest in his economic exploitation, we shall for the same reason not undertake to keep up his political and social repression, and will not hold to the psychological superstructure after the economic basis is gone?

And thus I am ready to offer my first prescription: The Socialist party must take a definite attitude on the negro problem, and must not be afraid to proclaim. And this attitude must include something, a good deal more tangible than the promise of "full products of one's labor in the cooperative commonwealth." It must include, if it to be logical and honest—a clear, unmistakable demand for the entire abolition of all **legal** restriction of the rights of the negro. Only on this ground will it ever succeed in proving to the negro, that the Socialist party is his party, not only in the future but in the present.

Including "social equality?" shall many a southern socialist exclaim, horrified.

I beg your pardon, but do you mean "social" equality—equality of social rights, or parlor equality in the individual home? If the former, by all means. And as to the latter, that is **one** thing the Socialist movement has no concern with. Whether you will insist upon receiving at your **home** only white persons, or only bleached blonds, or only Presbyterians, or only musical people—is no concern to the Socialist—But mind you, this is true **only as far as your home is concerned**.

And it was undoubtedly this loose and confused thinking that permitted the use of term "social equality" when the question of mixed locals arose in Louisiana some five years ago. What has the Socialist local to do with your home? And when the Southern Socialists pleaded the prejudices of the "comrades of the gentler sex" one might ask how many Socialist comrades there are among the "gentler sex" in the South?

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\*) Socialism and the Negro, by E. F. Andrews, (Inter. Soc. Review V, p. 524, March, 1905.)



Of course the National Organization may permit, as Comrade Eraste Vidrine suggested,\* the negroes of any locality to organize negro branches, as it permits the organization of Polish, Italian, Jewish and other branches. But the problem is, shall the Socialist organization permit any local to discharge an Italian because he is an Italian, a Jew because he is a Jew, a Catholic because he is a Catholic, or... a Negro, because he is a Negro?

The "social" life, concomitant upon Socialist organization, (i. e. entertainments and festivals) have often been urged as an un-sourmountable difficulty against admitting negroes to Socialist locals. Here again is there a hopeless mixture of civic rights and "parlor" privileges. The difficulty is exaggerated, for the more intelligent negro (and he is the only possible candidate for membership) has no desire to invade himself upon a society in which he is not welcome. Besides, it is no secret, that in cities with a mixed population the festivities and entertainments of the Socialists are conducted on national (and for all I know may be conducted even on religious) lines.

But in thus committing himself in the most flatfooted fashion against any discriminations against the negro, within the limits of his own organization, the Socialist will not have done his entire duty by the negro, nor by the rest of the American working class.

The attitude of the Socialist movement on this all important problem must not only be passively correct and decent, but actively aggressive. Armed with the true Marxian explanation of the negro's economic, political and legal status, and the thorough understanding of the only satisfactory, inevitable and necessary solution, the Socialist party has a sacred duty before it:

1. It must make an earnest effort to convince the growing negro radical element, that as economic exploitation was the cause of the dismal fate of the negroes in the past, their only hope in the future lies in joining hands with the movement towards the curtailment and final abolition of the economic exploitation.

And it must make a still more earnest and energetic effort to convince the American labor movement, as expressed in labor and trade unions, that in resisting the economic and civic growth of the negro it is simply building obstructions in its way.

In other words, the Socialist movement, viewing the labor problem in its entirety, not in any utopian or phantastic way, but practically, and yet seeing much further than the immediate narrow

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\*) "Negro Locals," I. S. R. Vol V., p. 390, (Jan., 1905.)

interests of this or that little group for higher wages or a privileged position—the Socialist movement must make the one practical effort necessary to direct the negro problem into the narrow channel towards its true solution.

Will we be wise enough to do it?

Hitherto, every form of society has been based, as we have already seen, on the antagonism of oppressing and oppressed classes. But in order to oppress a class, certain conditions must be assured to it under which it can, at least, continue its slavish existence. The serf, in the period of serfdom, raised himself to membership in the commune, just as the petty bourgeois, under the yoke of absolute feudalism, managed to develop into a bourgeois. The modern laborer, on the contrary, instead of rising with the progress of industry, sinks deeper and deeper below the conditions of existence of his own class. He becomes a pauper, and pauperism develops more rapidly than population and wealth. — Communist Manifesto.

# The Ballot.

By FRANK BOHN.



## IGHTY YEARS OF SENSE AND NON-SENSE.

### CHAPTER I.

1827-35. The American Labor Movement resolved to "strike at the ballot box." It strikes. A fake "labor" party is organized. The genuine party is shattered and the "strike at the ballot-box" fails.

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### CHAPTER II.

1867-94. The National Labor Union and Knights of Labor make use, indirectly and sporadically, of the ballot. Weakness and compromise prevent definite results. Capitalist politicians help to break up the Knights of Labor.

### CHAPTER III.

1882-1908. The American Federation of Labor clings unswervingly to the policy of "No politics in the union." But this slogan does not keep out the great hosts of ward-healers who find local unions and central bodies the most smoothly running parts of their machines.

1908-10. The American Federation of Labor invites Republicans and Democratic politicians into its service. Everyone whose election they advocate is defeated.

1910. The American Federation of Labor inclines toward a craft-unionized "labor" party. Limbs of the party succeed in being born dead.

### CHAPTER IV.

1895-1905. The Socialist Labor Party sets up the Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance to teach the workers to "strike at the ballot box" for the S. L. P. There was no great striking done.

### CHAPTER V.

1900-10. A large portion of the membership of the Socialist Party declare that unions are but passing phases of a better past; that in the evil present they had better get off the earth and clear the way for the "strike at the ballot box."

### CHAPTER VI.

1905-06. The Industrial Workers of the World is organized with the Western Federation of Miners and several other industrial unions as



departments. It declares that all the workers must organize as a class, by industries in the shop, and by municipalities, states and nations at the ballot box. They must strike, says the I. W. W., at both places—strike for something to-day, for more to-morrow, and for the world, when sufficiently organized.

## CHAPTER VII.

1906-10. A number of very active and revolutionary industrial unionists, becoming disgusted with the efforts of a Socialist political sect to control the I. W. W., and of another Socialist political element to keep erect the falling hopes of craft unionism, turn their backs on the "capitalist" ballot box.

## CHAPTER VIII.

1910. "A shout is heard like thunder peal,  
Like dashing wave and clash of steel"—  
"WORKERS OF THE WORLD, UNITE."

## CHAPTER IX.

1910. Some things needful are found wanting. Among these, a socialist propaganda which teaches facts and a common desire on the part of socialists to work in harmony where agreement is possible.

"A" says that politics in the union has never gained anything, that the craft unions are alright, but that they would do better if they would teach the workers how to do more work and thus satisfy the employers and get higher pay for the membership. "B" says that the unions are getting the slippery end of the stick, that they had better go into politics on their own account and protect their funds which they have been so long in hoarding. "C" comes around to the union hall from a Socialist meeting and tells the fellows there that they had better adjourn. Socialism is the only solution of the labor problem. Vote for Socialism. People always get what they vote for. That's the way Rockefeller and Morgan got theirs, you know. "D" is sometimes a trifle mean about it. He is said to fly off the handle and call the others hard names. All his fellow-workers think him to be somewhat of a nuisance. He has the audacity to ask that the same principles be adhered to at the ballot-box as in the union and vice-versa. If the workers are to fight the capitalists in the union why not on election day? If they are to organize as a class at the ballot-box, why not in the union? "E" simplifies matters. He declares that the capitalists themselves do not respect the ballot; that, if the workers are organized as a class by industries in the shops they will not need to register their will with pieces of paper; that, as force is the foundation of law, to conduct political arguments and fight political campaigns is to worship at the shrine of outworn superstitions. Thus the circle is made complete. To be sure, it is a circle of opponents nagging and kicking at each other, instead of brothers hand in hand.

## WHAT IT CAN DO AND WHAT IT CANNOT DO.

For an example of all that is great and successful in the Socialist movement we are in the habit of pointing to Germany. Social and industrial Germany is distinguished by two facts. Its Socialist movement is much the largest of all the great nations. Its social reform legislation has been most far-reaching and effective. Of course, we need not be told that we have here simply cause and effect; but how has the effect been secured?

The social reforms which have bettered the condition of the German working class, stamped out the slums from the German cities, and kept the type from degeneracy, were adopted not *by* Socialists but *against* Socialists. In the war upon socialism, Bismarck and the heirs of Bismarck have made every effort to remove from themselves the stigma of utter carelessness as regards the working class. Thus the largest and most powerful Socialist party in the world has secured the most effective results without having ever written a law on the statute books, without controlling a single administrative or judicial office, without compromising the high, clear position of the great founders of the German movement.

To me this is one of the two most significant facts in the history of International Socialism.

In how far is the experience applicable to America? To be sure, the peculiar form of organization and tactics of each national socialist party must spring from the peculiar industrial and political conditions of that nation. The history of America and conditions now facing the working class lead relentlessly to definite conclusions. These conclusions, in so far as they have to do with politics, I shall here state. The sources from which they are drawn cannot, of course, be here published.

Positively, a working class socialist party, through legislative, executive and judicial action, can be a powerful support to the labor union movement. It can prevent adverse legislation, use of police and military by and for the capitalists in strikes, and injunctions.

Negatively, it can force excellent reform legislation from capitalist-ruled municipalities, states, and the federal government.

Positively, it can be as great a revolutionary propaganda force as any class union, but in a different way. The union teaches practical organization and inspires the revolutionary spirit through class action. The party teaches, primarily, great principles, and inspires the revolutionary spirit through emphasizing the ideal.

The immediate demands of the workers must be *shop* demands. The step-at-a-time victories must be *shop* victories. These must lead ultimately to the working class government of the shop. Such essential victories to-day, to-morrow, and in the storm and stress of revolution, will be won by the revolutionary class union with the help of the party; not by the party with the help of the union.

# EDITORIAL

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## The Socialist Congress and the Immigration Question.

The Review goes to press too early for any adequate account of the Socialist Congress which came together in Chicago on May 15. The first four days were given to the preliminary work of organization and to a prolonged and vigorous discussion of the question of immigration. We can therefore give our readers a clearer idea of the work of the Congress by attempting this month little more than a report of the proceedings on this one subject, and reserving the rest for next month.

Two years ago the National Convention appointed a committee of five, consisting of Victor L. Berger, Guy E. Miller, John Spargo, Joshua Wanhope and Ernest Untermann, to study the question of Immigration and report on it to the Congress of 1910. The majority report was signed by Comrades Berger, Untermann and Wanhope, and the minority report by Spargo, Miller being absent. As both reports were long, we summarize them.

### Summary of Majority Report

In the struggle for the realization of our social ideals, the Socialist Party should combat those tendencies of the capitalist system which weaken the workers, and assist those tendencies which strengthen them. Sometimes the party in acting for the immediate interests of the working class, must come into apparent conflict with its ultimate ideals. This is unavoidable; we work toward our ultimate ideals through and despite these immediate contradictions. The Socialist Party, in its present activities, can not outrun the general development of the working class, but must keep step with it.

In advocating restricted immigration or the temporary exclusion of certain races, we are not necessarily in contradiction with the essential principles of solidarity of the working class. We believe that this policy may under present conditions be the most effective means of promoting ultimate solidarity.

We agree with the conclusions of the International Congress that immigration and emigration of workmen are phenomena inseparable from the substance of capitalism; also that it is the duty of organized workmen to protect themselves against the lowering of the standard of life which frequently results from the mass import of unorganized workmen.

We therefore endorse every demand made and position taken by the International Congress on this question, except those passages which refer to specific restrictions or to the exclusion of definite races or nations. We do not believe that such measures are necessarily "fruitless and reactionary", as stated by the International Congress, but on the contrary are convinced that any measures which do not conform to the immediate interests of the working class of the United States are fruitless and reactionary.

We advocate the unconditional exclusion of Chinese, Japanese, Koreans and Hindus, not as races per se, not as peoples with definite physiological characteristics,—but for the evident reason that these peoples occupy definite portions of the earth which are so far behind the general modern development of industry, psychologically as well as economically, that they constitute



a drawback, an obstacle and menace to the progress of the most aggressive, militant and intelligent elements of our working class population.

Comrade Spargo in his minority report began by quoting the resolutions adopted by the International Congress at Stuttgart, and as a knowledge of these is almost essential to an understanding of this whole discussion, we reprint them in full.

### Resolutions of the International Congress at Stuttgart

Immigration and emigration of workingmen are phenomena as inseparable from the substance of capitalism as unemployment, overproduction and underconsumption of the workingmen; they are frequently one of the means to reduce the share of the workingmen in the product of labor, and at times they assume abnormal dimensions through political, religious and national persecutions.

The congress does not consider exception measures of any kind, economic or political, the means for removing any danger which may arise to the working class from immigration and emigration, since such measures are fruitless and reactionary, especially not the restriction of the freedom of emigration and the exclusion of foreign nations and races.

At the same time the congress declares it to be the duty of organized workingmen to protect themselves against the lowering of their standard of life, which frequently results from the mass import of unorganized workingmen. The congress declares it to be their duty to prevent the import and export of strike breakers.

The congress recognizes the difficulties which in many cases confront the workingmen of the countries of a more advanced stage of capitalist development through the mass immigration of unorganized workingmen accustomed to a lower standard of life and coming from the countries of prevalently agricultural and domestic civilization, and also the dangers which confront them in certain forms of immigration.

But the congress sees no proper solution of these difficulties in the exclusion of definite nations or races from immigration, a policy which is besides in conflict with the principle of proletarian solidarity.

The congress, therefore, recommends the following measures:

#### I.—For the countries of Immigration—

1. Prohibition of the export and import of such workingmen who have entered into a contract which deprives them of the liberty to dispose of their labor power and wages.

2. Legislation shortening the workday, fixing a minimum wage, regulating the sweating system and house industry and providing for strict supervision of sanitary and dwelling conditions.

3. Abolition of all restrictions which exclude definite nationalities or races from the right to sojourn in the country and from the political and economic rights of the natives or make the acquisition of these rights more difficult for them. It also demands the greatest latitude in the laws of naturalization.

4. For the trade unions of all countries the following principles shall have universal application in connection with it:

(a) Unrestricted admission of immigrated workingmen to the trade unions of all countries.

(b) Facilitating the admission of members by means of fixing reasonable admission fees.

(c) Free transfer from organizations of one country to those of the other upon the discharge of the membership obligations towards the former organization.

(d) The making of international trade union agreements for the purpose of regulating these questions in a definite and proper manner and enabling the realization of these principles on an international scale.

5. Support of trade unions of those countries from which the immigration is chiefly recruited.

#### II.—For the Countries of Emigration—

1. Active propaganda for trade unionism.
2. Enlightenment of the workingman and the public at large on the true condition of labor in the countries of immigration.
3. Concerted action on the part of the trade unions of all countries in all matters of labor immigration and emigration.

In view of the fact that emigration of workingmen is often artificially stimulated by railway and steamship companies, land speculators and other swindling concerns, through false and lying promises to workingmen the congress demands:

Control of the steamship agencies and emigration bureaus and legal and administrative measures against them in order to prevent that emigration be abused in the interests of such capitalist concerns.

III. Regulation of the system of transportation, especially on ships. Employment of inspectors with discretionary powers, who should be selected by the organized working men of the countries of emigration and immigration, Protection for the newly arrived immigrants, in order that they may not become the victims of capitalist exploiters.

In view of the fact that the transport of emigrants can only be regulated on an international basis, the congress directs the International Socialist bureau to prepare suggestions for the regulation of this question, which shall deal with the conditions, arrangements and supplies of the ships, the air space to be allowed for each passenger as a minimum, and shall lay special stress that the individual emigrants contract for their passage directly with the transportation companies and without intervention of middlemen. These suggestions shall be communicated to the various Socialist parties for the purpose of legislative application and adaptation, as well as for the purpose of propaganda.

### Summary of Minority Report

The International Congress is merely an advisory body; its decisions are not binding on us. We in America must determine our own position in the light of our own experience. No other nation has an immigration problem like that of the United States. More than a million immigrants come here each year, mostly from countries where the standards of living are inferior to ours.

Such immigrants, for a time at least, until they can become organized, become tools of the capitalist class against organized labor, since they accept wages and working conditions inferior to those prevailing.

The organized proletariat of this country must, through its political organization, the Socialist Party, and through the labor unions, make a supreme effort to break down the barriers which keep the immigrant workers outside of the organized working class movement. It is the task of the nation, and even more of the working class of the nation to overcome the barriers of race, language and custom which divide our class.

We affirm that the central, fundamental principle of Socialism is the class struggle, that it is the duty of the Socialist movement to fight the battle of the working class for a higher standard of living, and, if necessary, to require the total exclusion of a race which menaces this.

But we believe the movement for Asiatic exclusion is due to a misunderstanding of the facts. The volume of this immigration is at present too small to constitute any serious menace, and there are no signs of an immediate increase. And most of the Asiatic immigration of the present time is practically contract labor. It is artificially stimulated, subsidized immigration against which the party, in conformity with the Stuttgart resolution, stands with all labor organizations. Only by controlling the political powers can our class secure protection from the menace of the mass immigration of contract laborers.

A substitute for both the majority and minority reports was introduced by Morris Hillquit of New York.

### Hillquit's Substitute

The Socialist party of the United States favors all legislative measures tending to prevent the immigration of strike breakers and contract laborers

and the mass importation of workers from foreign countries, brought about by the employing classes for the purpose of weakening the organization of American labor and of lowering the standard of life of the American workers.

The party is opposed to the exclusion of any immigrants on account of their race or nationality, and demands that the United States be at all times maintained as a free asylum for all men and women persecuted by the governments of their countries on account of their politics, religion or race.

Comrade Untermann, in his opening address, claimed that it was impossible to get the Asiatic laborers to understand the principles of labor organization, much less of socialism. Comrade Berger supported the policy of exclusion arguing that immigration from foreign countries, even European countries, did lower and does lower the standard of living. The trade union papers throughout the country, he declared, have hailed the Milwaukee victory as a trade union victory.

"And now are we to answer them by telling them that we Socialists after winning our first great victory want to admit the Chinese, want to admit the Japanese, that we stand for Corean labor? We are the party of the working men, only we don't want to stand for the things that will help them. Is that the idea? How ridiculous!"

As the debate progressed, however, it became evident that a large majority of the delegates were unalterably opposed to the report offered by the majority of the committee. Their objections were well summed up by Comrade Spargo in his closing speech, from which we quote:

"There is an issue between the majority and minority reports. The majority report takes this position: In its practical outcome it pledges American Socialists here and now to proceed with the advocacy of Asiatic exclusion. In its text it specifically repudiates the idea and suggestion that it is based upon race hatred, and the argument for it in the main has not been an argument upon a race basis on its face. Most of the delegates have argued that the Jap is a menace to our standards of living. Others, speaking for the majority report, have frankly confessed that that, in their judgment, is not the fact, and that in the last analysis their opposition was one of racial antagonism and antipathy. The text of the report says that it is not race discrimination, but the argument for the report says it is not merely race, it is race plus environment, and not even the dialectical skill of Comrade Untermann will be able to make clear to you how you can distinguish and differentiate the race from the environment. The environment of a race is back of that race life, and you cannot get away from it.

\* \* \* \*

"Think of the consequences of the adoption of the majority report. Here today are we of the Socialist Party, who are feeling its pulse, knowing that we live in a nation with a foreign-speaking proletariat, knowing that if ever the battle of labor is to be won in this country it must be by the foreign-speaking immigrant; think of what would happen if you are permitted to drive the entering wedge today. I tell you, if you want to bankrupt Socialism in America you can do it by adopting the majority report. I am not afraid to say that I am old-fashioned, that I will stand by old watchwords, old ties, old sentiments. Socialism is, after all, Comrade Gaylord, something more than the electing of mayors or aldermen. If you want to elect mayors only, you can do it. If you want to elect governors only, you can do it.

"While it may be true that my great-great-great-grandchildren may be forced to the necessity of raising their hands against the hands of their brothers, for myself I will not. You may call this bosh, if you will. You may say that the capitalist wants it, if you will. But I know better, and I know that the heart of this Socialist movement is that red bond of human blood and common aspiration which binds me to my brother in this great world struggle."



At the conclusion of the debate, the final vote came upon the adoption of Hillquit's substitute. To explain the position of those who voted for this, we can not do better than to quote briefly from his closing speech:

I shall vote against the majority report wherein the principle of the exclusion of Asiatic races is raised. True enough, they say they are not to be excluded as races *per se*, but they go on and describe the reasons for exclusion, and those reasons are reasons describing the connection of a certain race as a race and nothing else.

I am opposed to Comrade Spargo's minority report, although again, I repeat that I am not opposed to Comrade Spargo. But I am violently opposed to the minority report, for it contains that principle of exclusion of races, and no matter how well Comrade Spargo argues for the contrary, his resolution says in distinct terms not capable of misunderstanding, 'We cannot agree that such exclusion would, if determined upon, be in conflict with the principle of proletarian solidarity.' And further, 'We affirm in opposition to this declaration, that the central, fundamental principle of Socialism is the class struggle, and that it is the duty of the Socialist movement to fight the battle of the working class for higher standards of living, and to protect at all costs the measure of civilization we have obtained against capitalist forces which menace it,' and those forces are specifically stated as being or possibly being certain races.

Now, his exposition may be sound, but in principle it is the position of the majority. It is absolutely the same, except that Comrade Spargo makes the gratuitous additional statement that today there is no occasion for applying that principle. So then, I say that those standing against exclusion of races have no other alternative than the substitute before them.

The substitute was adopted by a vote of fifty-five to fifty, most of the negative votes coming from those who desired a more explicit declaration in favor of welcoming laborers from all countries.

It is perhaps to be regretted that so much of the time of the Congress was given up to the discussion of a minor question, of little practical importance in our propaganda. But it is most gratifying that the Congress refused to put itself into the attitude of chasing after votes, and took a stand in line with the best traditions of the revolutionary movement.

Another incident in which the same healthy tendency came out still more strongly, occurred just as we were closing the last form of the Review. The Farmers' Committee, through its chairman, A. M. Simons, brought in a report which vaguely advocated co-operation with the existing organizations of farm owners, and offered no definite suggestions except those embodied in a program adopted by the Socialist Party of Oklahoma. It is only fair to state that the committee did not explicitly endorse that program, but it submitted it as "offering suggestions born of experience and therefore more worthy of careful consideration than any that might spring from a purely theoretical and doctrinaire knowledge of the subject." This program embodied a measure exempting farm property to the extent of \$1,000 from exemption and execution. It also contained a provision for the leasing of state lands to landless farmers at the prevailing share rent, the payment to cease when the payments equaled the value of the farm, and the farmer and his children then to

be entitled to the possession of the farm for life. This is of course an essentially reactionary program, which if adopted would stamp us as politicians rather than revolutionists. But happily it excited no enthusiasm in the Congress. There was a chorus of disapproval, and the report was unanimously referred back to an enlarged committee to report to the convention of 1912.

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### Sparks from the National Convention.

We are glad the forms of the Review do not have to close before we can get in a few words about the spirit of the Convention held in Chicago, this month.

Many comrades of the revolutionary wing of the party feared that some of the old spirit of revolt would be lacking this year. Some of us feared that the party might be swung off its feet, and out of the path of progress into the snares of opportunism,—that we might forget our one great aim—the abolition of wage-slavery—for immediate and doubtful “victories.” And now we are singing a song of great rejoicing.

Although the Convention is only half over and many of the proceedings have dragged along tiresomely, the re-union has strengthened those of us who had grown weary into renewed faith in the party and our comrades.

There were hot debates over tactics to be pursued by the Socialist Party in securing the ballot for women. Much to the surprise of the Convention some of the women delegates were in favor of a socialist union with suffrage societies.

Comrade Prevey of Ohio, said:

“I want to stand on the street corner and talk as a socialist and not as a suffragette.”

Comrade Joe Cannon, of Arizona, gave a talk against catering to the society suffragette element. And, by the way, Comrade Joe Cannon can be depended upon to forge straight ahead for the revolution and the movement of the wage-workers for the abolition of capitalism. If we did not know where he stood before the Convention, his uncompromising stand upon each and every question was enough to inspire a wooden image. Count on Comrade Joe.

“I don’t care for this diletante and bon ton suffragette movement that would tend to disrupt the socialist party” said Comrade Cannon.

The vote of the Convention was almost unanimous to keep the socialist movement intact, class conscious and revolutionary. We are not to go rain-bow chasing after the Belmont and Morgan suffragettes. The

ballot for working-women is a class demand and not a sex movement alone.

On all questions the women delegates of the Convention acquitted themselves nobly.

Comrades Fred Merrick and Joe Cohen, of Pennsylvania, materially aided in expediting the work of the Convention. Keep your eye on Fred Merrick. He is a comrade who knows that the only help for the proletariat is to be found in the abolition of wage-slavery.

"The Whirlwind of the Pacific Coast" was the name given Comrade Tom J. Lewis, of Oregon. Lewis believes in the wage-workers, first, last and all the time.

Some of the Chicago socialists became so enthused over the speeches made by Delegate Tom Lewis, at the Convention, and Ed. Moore, of Philadelphia, that they inveigled both comrades into lecturing before the Twenty-first Ward Branch.

And the Chicago Socialists were given such a wakening up at that meeting as they have not had for a long time.

Comrade Moore's talk upon the strike in Philadelphia was simply inspiring. We found, in Philadelphia, he said, that we had loads of revolutionary material that we had always called reactionary. When the pinch came, it was not the paid organizers, officials, editors, lecturers or writers who displayed the strongest degree of class consciousness, but the unorganized, often unskilled and ill-paid wage-workers. The way these men and women struck and stuck to their class—the solidarity they showed, has encouraged us socialists more than anything we have seen in many years. We didn't know how strong we were.

"Don't go out for low rents, or cheap reforms," said Tom J. Lewis. "Low rents mean lower wages and are only a help to the capitalists. They want low rents and cheap bread more than you do. Wages sink as the cost of living sinks, so you can't get anything by going out for *low prices*."

Tom Lewis does not waste his brilliance before cultured and "high" (?) class audiences, in marble halls. He goes to the heart of the revolutionary element—to the wage-workers, and comrades from Oregon assure us he often speaks to 2,000 workingmen and women in Portland, in a single evening.

The Convention was an inspiration to us all. We did not know how many splendid, uncompromising workers the party possesses until we met some of them at Masonic Temple. You don't often see some of their names in the papers, but they are the men and women without whom the revolution would be but a flimsy farce—the brawn and brain of the great class struggle that will only end when wage-slavery has been abolished and the working class come into its own.



It was recommended in the supplementary report of the Committee on Commission Form of Government that if the comrades fail to win in primaries in cities under a Commission Form of Government, the Congress advise the comrades nevertheless not to abandon the struggle but to leave the members *free to vote* (for *capitalist candidates*) in the second election. Delegates Thompson, of Wisconsin, and Simons, of Illinois, championed this recommendation. But it was *voted down* by a vote of 48 to 17, with the Milwaukee delegation solidly supporting it. We are not yet ready to abandon our policy of *no compromise; no political trading*.

Delegate Merrick, of Pennsylvania, added his portion of inspiration to the comrades who think straight socialism is good enough for them.

Comrade Barnes, of Louisiana, lined up for industrial unionism. "It is the only thing that will solve the race problem of the South," he said.

Delegates Steve Reynolds and James O'Neal, maintained the reputation of the Hoosier State for producing some of the finest.

Frank M. Cassidy, of Buffalo, N. Y., former editor of the Switchmens' Journal, said, "We have to have a revolutionary economic organization to back up the political fight at the ballot box."

Comrade Cassidy speaks from practical experience in one of the strongest fighting labor organizations and not from ruminations in the libraries.

Delegate Geo. Brewer, of Kansas, didn't seem to feel the need of any party compromises. There is nothing the matter with Kansas.

Delegate Meyer London and John Spargo, of New York, will be able to look future International Japanese and Chinese delegates to the International Socialist Congresses in the face and say "Comrade." Both gave splendid arguments against the Asiatic Exclusion Recommendation.

"The men in the craft unions are simply aching for a change," said Delegate Maurer, of Pennsylvania, in his plea for an endorsement of industrial unionism.

We all took a liking to Mayor Seidel, of Milwaukee. "We all make mistakes," he said, "but we must do the best we can."

Delegate Berger, of Wisconsin, wanted all delegates to be paid for time spent at the Convention. The motion was voted down. Comrade Berger said the Convention delegates were as much entitled to pay as the International Delegates.

Delegate Robert Ringler, of Pennsylvania, was always on the job for straight class-conscious socialism, without any opportunistic trimmings.

Did anybody hear anything about the Report of that Farmers' Com-

mittee? Read it over carefully and you will understand why it fell with such a sickening thud.

Delegate Bell, of Texas, was instructed by the farmers of that state to say they only wanted *straight socialism*. There is nothing the matter with the Texas farmer.

Delegate Thomas Morgan, of Illinois, was right on the job with both eyes open. Evidently Comrade Morgan thinks it is better to have a small organization of people who know what they want than a big one of folks who want any old thing.

Chicago comrades had more than one treat in hearing Theresa Malkiel, of New York, speak. Every word came straight from the heart and we all wanted to keep her here.

Comrade Lena Morrow Lewis, member of the National Executive Committee, was made a member of the Woman's Committee.

Every Red who attended the Convention went home overflowing with enthusiasm. Watch us work. We never knew before how strong we were.

Delegates Caroline Lowe and Kate Richards O'Hare—both old friends—and Delegate Winnie Branstetter, of Oklahoma, inspired every one who heard them talk.

Big Bill Haywood was at the Convention and those who had been on the firing-line in any part of the country, were glad to see him.

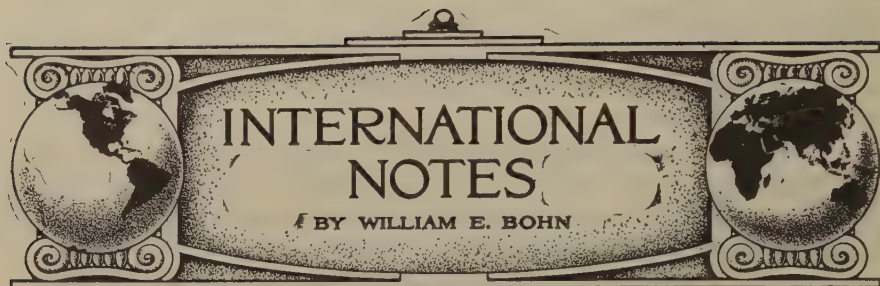
What was the matter with the Michigan Delegation? Not a single thing. If you don't know what the Party needs—go to Grand Rapids. The only thing we hate to see is so many good ones in a bunch. They ought to spread out more. The Finnish delegates from the Northern Peninsula, all members of the Western Federation of Miners, were on the right side of every question.

Delegate Waynick, of Washington, knows what he wants. Nothing was able to shake him loose from a revolutionary program. Read the Report for Industrial Unionism by Waynick and Delegate Cannon, of Oregon.

Doc Miller, of Akron, attended the Convention. "The man who swears," he said, "is not a respecter of 'sacred institutions'". We would like to hear Doc debate it out with Comrade John M. Work. Doc ought to have been in on that organization Committee.

Comrade John G. Willert, of Ohio, was an innovation as a chairman. He was always able to see and to recognize the delegate unknown to fame.

There were two Cannons at the Convention, and they always made the right kind of a noise.



**Germany. The German Proletariat as a Fighting Force.** Time was when Germany was regarded as the center of the revolutionary movement. Thither we went for our theory and practice. The names of the great German leaders carried authority in argument; the Social Democracy and the Gewerkschaften were regarded as models of organization. But of late we have seen a new light. On all sides we hear it whispered that our German comrades have turned conservative. I refer, of course, not to misinformed or misinforming, capitalist editors, but to American socialists who are looking abroad for guidance. The socialist members of the Reichstag have degenerated into mere parliamentarians, these tell us, and the Gewerkschaften are weighed down with full treasuries and a sense of respectability.

Even among our German comrades themselves there has occasionally arisen a suspicion that their present tactics may soon become inadequate. Only recently Comrade Rosa Luxemburg has suggested a general strike as the next step. We have done our utmost with the old weapons, she says in substance, we have achieved great things by sending our orators to parliament, instituting gigantic open air demonstrations and organizing great unions able to fight the employers at every point. But social movements cannot remain stationary. Our old weapons have lost their force, and if we lack the courage to grasp new ones a reaction is inevitable. The general strike is the ultimate weapon; we must take it up or lose our influence with the German proletariat.

This proposal has called forth an answer from Karl Kautsky. He does not seek to discredit the general strike or even to subordinate it to political action. All he does is to show, or try to show, that the old weapons have not lost their effectiveness. If his analysis of the situation is correct, the tide of revolution is still rising in Germany, and will continue to rise. The well tried tactics are sufficient to fire the imagination of the people, to educate them, to organize them for the inevitable conflict of the future,



If the events of the past month furnish a reliable criterion, Comrade Kautsky is justified. Simultaneously the German working-class has been carrying on three great conflicts. The first of these is against the new Prussian electoral law. It has passed the lower house and the diet. From the latter body it received the final touch of the reactionists. It will be remembered that in all essentials it is practically the same as the old three-class law under which Prussia has suffered for more than fifty years. But under the old law the division into classes was made within each electoral district; as amended by the diet the new law provides for the massing of the voters of each parish and their division into classes without regard to the boundaries of electoral districts. This will mean, of course, that if the new measure is repassed by the house in its amended form the last state of the working-class will be worse than its first. No workingman will be able to rise even into the second class. The Social Democracy will probably lose even the slender representation which it has gained by years of fighting.

But the parliamentary reaction has not been limited to Prussia. The Reichstag is engaged in perfecting a comprehensive workingmen's insurance law. I lack space for the details of the measure which is being pushed through by the government. It is designed to give to the employers the control of the insurance funds and absolute jurisdiction in such matters as dismissal of employes, recommendations and re-employment. If it becomes a law, the black-list will have been made superfluous; the workers will have been delivered to their masters bound hand and foot.

On the industrial field, too, the reactionists have forced the fight rather than avoided it. In 1908 the employers in the German Building Trades Association arranged all their contracts with the unions so that they would expire on the same day, March 31st, 1910. Some weeks before this latter date they assembled at Dresden and drew up a set of specifications which were to control all of them in the making of new contracts. No employer was to consent to a day shorter than ten hours, an average, or maximum, wage was to be set, and all contracts were to be closed by the national employers' association and the central committees of the unions. The employes objected to the contracts embodying these features. On April 18th thousands of them were locked out. The employers seemed bent on a fight to the finish.

In the Landtag, in the Reichstag, on the industrial field the capitalist class has not only resisted advance, it has attacked all of the points of vantage gained by the workers. Ruthlessly it has bent every energy to beat the working-class into submission.

And what of the working-class? What has been its response? So far as the electoral law is concerned it has been able to do little but stir

up popular indignation. On Sunday, April 10th, and again on May 8th, it made what were probably the greatest popular demonstrations the world has ever seen. So great was the power it exhibited in numbers and organization that an influential capitalist daily said editorially: "The Social Democracy has become a state within a state, and the government of the nation begins to recoil before its power."

The working-class of the empire is no less alive to its interests than that of Prussia. On April 25th, a special congress of the *Gewerkschaften* met at Berlin to consider the proposed insurance law which is being debated by the Reichstag. There were in attendance 422 delegates, representing 2,000,000 workers. Every provision of the law was gone over and the demands of labor were formulated. The working-class insists that it be given equal jurisdiction with the employers over insurance funds and that the law which is ostensibly designed to protect labor be not made a means of further enslaving labor.

On the industrial field the lock-out was immediately answered by a strike in all the building trades. It is estimated that more than 400,000 quit work within a few days. Before the week was out the strikers of Berlin had forced their employers to accept a contract quite different from the one outlined at Dresden. Similar settlements have been reported from other points. But for the most part the strike is still on.

It is a great fight, and a complex one. But take a look down the whole line of battle and you can reach only one conclusion. Our German comrades are gaining practically nothing in actual legislation and making only slight gains on the industrial field; but they are winning nevertheless. Their enemy is relentless, blindly determined. More and more the people come to see him as he is. They gather in ever increasing numbers under the banner of the Social Democracy. Conventions, speeches in the Reichstag, street demonstrations, strikes over limited fields for very definite purposes—all these may seem to bring but small gain. But in reality they have served, and still serve, to rally, to organize, and to discipline one of the strongest and most purposeful revolutionary forces in the world.

**France. A Scab Government.** The capitalist leopard cannot change its spots even at election time. The world of labor has not forgotten that almost exactly a year ago the French postal employes faced a relentlessly tyrannical government. The struggle did not end until the ministry had agreed to take back into the service all the employes who had been discharged for the heinous crime of forming unions for their own defence. And then, peace once restored, promises were forgotten and some hundreds of mail carriers were left without employment.

During the past year postal employes have begged and socialist

deputies have thundered, but the government has turned a deaf ear. That is, until election day approached. On April 24th, occurred an election to the Chamber of Deputies. The ministry had to face the people. Strange to say, it experienced a change of heart. A week or two before the ballots were counted, a committee of the postal employes were told that their unfortunate comrades would be taken back into the service as soon as places could be made for them.

That is the first part of the story. The rest shows that the government is, in reality, just as cynically brutal as ever. Since 1888 the French Seamen's Union has been fighting for effective recognition. The government and the navigation companies have maintained that sailors cannot claim the benefit of the law of 1884, the measures under which the present system of unions has grown up. Laws passed in 1852 and 1872 have been continued in effect. According to the provisions of these laws rebellion against the master of a ship, even if it take the form of a strike, is a criminal offence.

Free from restrictions, the masters have been manning their vessels with natives of foreign ports, preferably Asiatics. This practice is illegal, but the government protected it. Since 1888 the French Seamen's Union has been protesting against it. But the situation has grown steadily worse. At last, toward the end of March, a struggle was precipitated at Marseilles. The Frenchmen forming part of the crew of a certain Mediterranean packet-boat refused to serve longer with a lot of under-paid, non-union Asiatics. The maritime court summoned them to appear and answer to the charge of desertion. One out of the nine strikers appeared and was sentenced to six days in prison. The others were finally taken and tried.

But before they had been dealt with, the government found it had fight on its hands. Every ship that came to land was deserted by every union man as soon as the gang-plank struck the dock. By the 11th of April a general strike had been called and 50,000 workers laid down their tools in support of the sailors.

Enter the government. Here on the coast of the Mediterranean was re-enacted the scene with which we have grown familiar at Stockholm and Philadelphia. Here in southern France, however, it was better done than ever before. Not only did the government send troops to overawe and coerce the strikers, but it placed at the command of the steamship companies a full line of strike-breakers. These were secured from the navy. On April 22nd, according to a despatch from Marseilles, there were employed on boats sailing from that port 1,073 marines drawn from the national service.

The strike is not ended, but it will probably be lost. And if it is, the defeat will be due to the activity of a scab government.



**A Victory at the Polls.** But in the very moment when it was busiest crushing the rebellion of labor, the French government felt the power of the working class. The election to the Chamber of Deputies held on April 24th, and May 8th, resulted in a brilliant Socialist victory. Just now this victory is particularly significant. As its chief opponent the Socialist Party met at the polls a government which uses every ounce of its bureaucratic power to win. Within its own ranks, moreover, it was weakened by protracted struggles over theories and tactics. In fact on the eve of the electoral battle Gustave Hervé urged the workers to remain away from the polls. Doubtless many of them did so. But not all. Enough of them exercised their right of suffrage to register a victory which has astonished the socialists themselves. Fourteen seats were gained, making a total of forty-four. The number of votes cast is still more satisfying. In 1906 our French comrades numbered at the polls 889,034; this year they numbered 1,107,369. A gain of more than 200,000! It is not limited to any district or any class of workers. Especially pleasing is the decisive gain among the agricultural laborers. In the coming French revolution the proletariat of the cities will not have to make its fight alone.

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# WORLD OF LABOR



BY MAX S. HAYES

Some of our nervous friends who were so cocksure that Sam Gompers and his followers were going to combine with the farmers and other reformers and launch a labor party this year, and thus promote opposition to the Socialist party and hinder the growth of the latter organization, probably realize by this time that their fears were unfounded and that they owe Sam an apology for regarding him with a suspicious eye.

The widely advertised convention of union farmers has been held at St. Louis, and in point of attendance was a disappointment. Gompers was present and talked co-operation of the industrial forces and said nothing about forming an independent political party. The farmers, on their part, adopted a lengthy declaration pledging their support of union-labeled products and promised to assist the trade unions to secure some of the legislative reforms that have been demanded at the hands of Congress and State Legislatures for many years. In return they requested that organized labor extend to union farmers the same support, which is nothing more than fair and doubtless will meet with ready response in many sections of the country, especially in the West and South, where the two classes of workers are closer in touch than in the effete East where most of the "farmers" near the cities are professional gentlemen who farm the farmers.

It is true that the most radical speeches in favor of political action were enthusiastically cheered according to all reports, and that there was quite a sprinkling of delegates present who were quite sympathetic with the cause of Socialism, but the indignation manifestations toward wrongs that the agriculturists are compelled to endure were as far as the farmers cared to go. And please

give your Uncle Samuel credit for being an astute and politic individual. He was not there to promise anything that he could not deliver in a political movement. He knows that the big mass of trade union members are partisans—that they are Republicans, Democrats and Socialists, with a scattering few Prohibitionists and mugwumps. For Gompers to have promised the support of a couple of million union men to a brand new party would have been an unpardonable piece of folly, and could have resulted in nothing else but raise a row about his ears.

Furthermore, as has been pointed out in the Review, nobody knows better than Samuel Gompers the actual lack of understanding of political and economic questions possessed by many of the men who are referred to as labor leaders because they hold official positions, and their inability to present social problems in an intelligent manner to critical partisans who are naturally prejudiced against new ideas and who must be won over to a new cause to make a showing.

It is neither misrepresentation or abuse of confidence or to discredit them to say that the majority of labor officials never read a book dealing with philosophical subjects or social evolution or even with present-day problems. The most of them are too busy dealing with organization matters, such as strikes, boycotts, jurisdiction lines between crafts and the like. Consequently they form warm friendships for "good" capitalists and politicians who promise something now (even though they break their promises) and bitter hostility is displayed toward the "enemy" on the other hand.

Knowing this general sentiment Gompers takes advantage of the situation and is persistent in "rewarding our friends and punishing our ene-

mies," picking out "friends" here (mostly middle class Democrats) and "enemies" there (usually plute Republicans), and has no patience with the Socialists who look too far ahead, according to his notions, are theorists and dreamers and wholly impractical. Of course, once the Socialists gain control and begin to do things the old objections will fade away—in fact I make the claim right now that there are more trade unionists in the country who desire to work with the Socialists, say along the British lines, than who favor setting up a so-called Labor party to go it alone.

However, to get back to the organized farmers. They are pretty well in the same boat as the urban workmen. The same economic and political conditions face them, as a rule: Monopoly, machinery, burdensome taxation, high prices for what they purchase and low prices for their products, etc., is making their conditions uncomfortable on the one side, and on the other hand, they are divided between the various parties, and they fear if they struck out independently they would wreck their organization.

So the field remains clear for the Socialist party as the only political organization that can lay claim to truly represent and fight for labor's interests. The only thing now remaining is for the Socialists to take a more active interest if possible in union affairs, show the workers the real conditions and what may be gained, not only in speeches, but by sowing literature knee deep if necessary.

The contest being waged by the Civic Federation saints, such as Carnegie, Frick, Rockefeller, Morgan and their underlings in the United States Steel Corporation, to crush the Seamen's Union and the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tinplate Workers has not abated in the slightest degree. On the contrary, the workers are being attacked more fiercely than ever. The hired thugs of the trust have already started to beat up the men along the lakes for daring as much as to talk to the imported scabs, while in the mill districts, where the trust satellites claim to have won a victory, the most brutal tactics are being pursued.

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On top of it all, the United States Steel Corporation magnates are firing some picket shots at the miners. At the last convention of the United Mine Workers (in Indianapolis last January) the officers called attention to the fact that the steel trust had acquired control of thousands of acres of coal land in the various districts, and the delegates were warned that their industry would soon be called upon to face the plutes drunk with power. Sure enough, the trust opens the engagement in Illinois, the banner state in the Union, where the miners are solidly organized, have a strong treasury, and where the operators are also strongly combined and treat with the union. The trust butts in and starts to destroy the relationship of collective agreements. The trust forces the issue at Danville, Ill., where its agents started a fight among the miners and announced that the octopus, not being a member of the operators' association, wanted a separate agreement. The idea of the trust was to obtain a temporary settlement and force disruption among the operators, and then, after the latter have been hammered into line just as the so-called shipowners are on the lakes, such as the Hanna, Pickards & Mather, Gilchrist and other fleets, the next step would be to force the open shop on the miners and beat them down to a pauper and docile level, where they would become as harmless as the serfs in the iron and steel mills.

While this picket firing is going on the steel trust deploys its agents in another direction to divert attention from the class struggle. The Civic Federation now proposes to organize "state councils" in order to further legislation along social lines that barely touch the contest upon the industrial field. I am indebted to the Hon. John Hayes Hammond for an invitation to join an "Ohio Council," and if I was certain that the John Hayes who gave me a few moral precepts wouldn't turn over in his grave, and if I didn't know the game of muzzling those who had opinions, yours truly might be tempted to join this aggregation.

But nothing can come of this new maneuver of the Civic Federation, except to cover the attacks of the high-toned pirates who war upon the workers to despoil them of the wealth

they produce. Anything and everything that the United States Steel Corporation and the other tentacles of capitalism touch, as far as organized labor is concerned, is marked for destruction. The policy of the Civic Federation and its votaries is to chloroform the working class with sham reforms and to woo the workers into the belief that so long as they quarrel among themselves in the old parties and "reward friends" all will be well—and so it will be for the robber class.

The United Hatters have not yet surrendered regarding the amount in damages they must pay Boss Loewe, of Danbury, Conn. They carried up their case from the U. S. Court in Connecticut, after having had \$10,000 more as costs tacked on to the original fine of \$222,000. It is doubtful if the Supreme Court reduces the amount. It would be unprecedented for that court to give labor the slightest consideration after that august tribunal has pronounced its edict.

The molders lost their \$10,000 damage suit case at St. Joseph, Mo. The brewery workers won their case in New York, which was brought by an expelled member. Now the printers are the latest to be called upon to pay money to the plutes. C. W. Post, the wild man from Battle Creek, has sued the Typographical Journal for \$50,000 damages (as though he could be damaged in reputation that large amount) for alleged libel. Post has many other suits for damages going. If a good lawyer gets him on the witness stand there will be fun.

The split in the electrical workers' organization is as wide open as it was a year ago. The McNulty faction claimed to be regular and bolted the conference arranged to settle the trouble. The Reid faction in accordance with the A. F. of L. decision, withdrew its cases in court, and now the "regular" McNulty faction deliberately defies the A. F. of L. and refuses to end the legal fight. Again sufficient locals in the McNulty wing have petitioned their officers to call a convention to combine with the Reidites, but it is doubtful whether such a convention will be called. Neither will the A. F. of L. officials order a convention. There is something rotten in Denmark.



# NEWS & VIEWS

**Delegates to National Congress.**  
The following list shows the names of the comrades seated at the recent Congress of the Socialist Party, some of those elected being replaced by alternates:

Alabama: C. G. Hutchisson.  
Arizona: Jos. D. Cannon.  
California: W. Carpenter, J. B. Osborne, J. Stitt Wilson, Ernest Untermann, John H. Wilde.  
Colorado: W. P. Collins, Mila T. Maynard.  
Connecticut: Ella Reeves Bloor, Jasper McLevy.  
Florida: C. C. Allen.  
Idaho: T. J. Coonrod.  
Illinois: G. T. Fraenkel, Robert Giese, Adolph Germer, A. M. Lewis, T. J. Morgan, A. W. Nelson, G. A. Peterson, A. M. Simons.  
Indiana: James Oneal, S. M. Reynolds.  
Iowa: John M. Work, J. J. Jacobson.  
Kansas: Geo. D. Brewer, Caroline A. Lowe, Kate Richards O'Hare.  
Kentucky: Walter Lanfersiek.  
Louisiana: J. W. Barnes.  
Maine: Grace V. Silver.  
Maryland: W. M. Coleman.  
Massachusetts: James A. DeBell, James F. Carey, Harriet D'Orsay, Geo. E. Roewer, Jr., Marion Craig Wentworth, Dan A. White.  
Michigan: Frank Aaltonen, Henry Kummerfeld, J. Hoogerhyde.  
Minnesota: Morris Kaplan, Leo Laukki, Mrs. Esther Laukki, J. E. Nash.  
Missouri: E. T. Behrens, W. L. Garver, W. W. McAllister.  
Montana: Geo. W. McDermott.  
Nebraska: Clyde J. Wright.  
Nevada: W. H. Burton.  
New Hampshire: John P. Burke.  
New Jersey: Max Fackert, Geo. H. Goebel, Frank Hubschmidt, W. B. Killingbeck.  
New Mexico: C. B. Lane.

New York: Jos. Wanhope, Morris Hillquit, Algernon Lee, W. W. Pasage, C. L. Furman, H. Schefer, Clark Dills, Gustave Strebel, Frank Cassidy.

North Dakota: Arthur Bassett.  
Ohio: E. E. Adel, W. H. Miller, E. L. Schnaidt, Marguerite Prevey, John G. Willert, L. A. Zitt.  
Oklahoma: Oscar Ameringer.  
Winnie E. Branstetter, J. V. Kolachney, G. W. Davis.  
Oregon: C. L. Cannon, Tom J. Lewis.  
Pennsylvania: Jos. E. Cohen, Fred H. Merrick, Thos. F. Kennedy, Edward Moore, Jas. H. Maurer, Robert B. Ringler, Wm. Adams.  
Rhode Island: Fred Hurst.  
South Dakota: E. Francis Atwood.  
Tennessee: T. H. Haines.  
Texas: W. J. Bell, W. W. Buchanan, P. G. Zimmerman.  
Utah: W. Thurston Brown.  
Washington: Mrs. E. D. Cory, W. H. Waynick.  
West Virginia: Harold W. Houston.  
Wisconsin: Victor L. Berger, W. R. Gaylord, E. H. Thomas, Emil Seidel, Carl D. Thompson.  
Wyoming: W. L. O'Neil, John Heckala.

## Unorganized States.

Delaware: J. Frank Smith.  
Georgia: Paul Hochscheid.  
Mississippi: S. W. Rose.  
North Carolina: Rufus J. Morton.  
South Carolina: A. J. Royal.  
Virginia: E. B. Slatton.

## Delegates Foreign-Speaking Organizations.

Bohemian: Jos. Novak, Steve Skala.  
Finnish: Toivo Hiltunen, John Valimaki.  
Italian: James C. Pellegrine, Rokos Pekos.  
Jewish Agi. Bu.: Meyer London, Barnett Wolff.

Lettish: John Klawe, M. Tomin.

Polish Section: J. Klawer, J. Kochanowicz.

Scandinavian: S. J. Christensen, H. G. Holun.

South. Slaves: Dimitre Economoff, M. Glumac.

### GRAND JUNCTION'S SOCIALIST MAYOR.

By W. G. Henry.

Grand Junction, Colo., is a city of 12,000 population situated at what is called the western gateway to Colo-

rado in the heart of a great fruit and sugar beet district. So any boom prospectus you chance to pick up will tell you. However the present article is not dealing with corner lots, fruit tracts and sugar beet acreage. It will deal only with the economic development of the particular section mentioned.

This little city at the Western Colorado gateway has always been a hotbed of radicalism. The Socialist Labor Party elected an alderman back as far as 1898. It has been the western way station for the Single



THOMAS M. TODD.



Tax doctrine for twenty years. Populism swept it with a tidal wave in the palmy days of that decadent movement. Prohibition has had its inning. When the commission form of government became the fad Grand Junction was no laggard in springing right up towards the front of the procession. Last but not least it has shown its bravery and indifference to innovation by electing a Socialist Mayor.

Thomas M. Todd was elected mayor on a ticket that was not designated as a Socialist ticket. But wait, you' revolutionary red and hear the case for socialism out. The commission form of charter under which Thomas M. Todd was elected does not permit the party designation on the ballot. The Socialists were not responsible for the charter. They were unacquainted with its workings. Most of us are strangers to it.

The present form of charter was fathered by James W. Bucklin, a well known Single Taxer, and one who poses as a socialist in certain localities and at certain times; at other times and places in his usual bungling manner he attempts to mangle the Socialist philosophy. In short, he is what might be termed a geographical grand stander. Such is the father of the commission form of government in this city. As another interesting fact it may be noted that it is an open secret that one faction of the capitalist class backed Bucklin in the new charter move, thinking to advance their group interests against the other and more powerful faction.

When capitalistic thieves fall out, the Socialists are generally on the ground with gongs calling attention to the robbers and their methods. The election came on. The Socialists nominated in the manner prescribed by law and went out to do the usual amount of propaganda. They covered the town with Socialist literature. This literature campaign was thorough, systematic and brilliant. It made every parasite in Ghand Valley sit up and rub his eyes. There were six candidates for Mayor. The "safe, sane and conservative" element had a representative, likewise the goody-goody reformer, the wide open town people, the church element and all other phazes of thinking and getting a living could find



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their exponent on the ballot. The struggle was in fact between the "safe, sane and conservative" candidate of the ultra capitalist class and the candidate of the plain people, the working class, the Socialist candidate. The Socialist candidate won.

There is no more bitterly disappointed group in Grand Junction today than the capitalists and their erstwhile leader the Single Tax champion. They are thoroughly convinced that the commission form of government wont work—in their interests.

Just what the commission form of government will do for the workers, if anything, remains to be demonstrated. The Socialists must familiarize themselves with it. But it is well known that quarrels of the capitalist class sometimes result in benefitting the working class. If this is so, let us hope the capitalists will continue to have their troubles.

Mayor Todd is a revolutionary Socialist. He is not up in the air because he has landed in office. He keeps his feet on the earth. He realizes he alone can do little to advance the interests of the workers. He will make good in that he will prove that a Socialist can hold political office without becoming a grafter.

The Socialists of Grand Junction are a revolutionary bunch. They take their victory sanely. In fact, it has never been heralded over the country as a Socialist victory. They are simply more determined than ever to put capitalism out of business. They do not claim to have gotten a corner on the cooperative commonwealth but they have received some encouragement for the final struggle and the complete overthrow of wage slavery and the emancipation of the working class.

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**CRIME AND CRIMINALS.** By the Prison Reform League, cloth 312 pp. Prison Reform League Publ. Co., 443 South Main St., Los Angeles, Calif. Every socialist in America ought to co-operate with the Prison Reform League in the splendid work they have undertaken. This little book, which the League has recently published deserves the high praise it is receiving from all sides. Never was a subject approached with more of the impartiality of the true scientist than the authors of this book have shown.

All available sources have been ransacked for material upon the subject and the pages devoted to the American police system might well serve as an indictment of the System itself.

Governmental reports and works by recognized authorities have been sifted for the establishment of the premise that crime, and especially crimes of violence and of the graver class, is steadily on the increase. Elaborate statistics will prove these conclusions to the dissatisfaction and discomfiture of our legislative bodies. Capital punishment is shown to be the primitive method of revenge, which still dominates our criminology. The evil effects of these barbaric customs upon the human psychology add considerably to the forces opposed to progress.

In disgusting and heart-breaking detail the inner life of our prisons, our jails and our convict camps, is described. Of all living creatures, says the author, the convict is most helpless. It is his most earnest desire to placate his captors. Disobedience to the prison rules can only work pain upon himself. Any man capable of the simplest logic would realize that no convict would willfully bring dis-

asters upon his own head. And yet, in the penitentiaries of America tortures rivaling the horrors of the Middle Ages are practiced. Two chapters of this book deal exclusively with San Quentin, the California Penitentiary, in one of which Col. Griffith J. Griffith, secretary and treasurer of the League, and the other, a female ex-convict, lay bare the horrors endured behind the walls of San Quentin, and tell tales of fiendish cruelties that stagger the imagination.

And it must be remembered that NOT ONE of the terrible statements made in **CRIME AND CRIMINALS** has been refuted; not even a single attempt has been made to disprove them.

We may well conclude that the scenes drawn of the Southern convict camps are not overdone when we look over the revelations resulting from the recent legislative investigations of prisons in Texas, where it was proved that fifty men were whipped to death within the last three years.

The book is too big, too full of vital teeming facts and conclusions, to be well covered in a single brief article. Every socialist should have the facts narrated in **CRIME AND CRIMINALS** upon his tongue's end. Every socialist should co-operate with the Prison Reform League in its efforts to awaken the Public to the barbarities of the prison system in America.

**PSYCHIC-CONTROL THROUGH SELF KNOWLEDGE.** By Walter Kenilworth, published by R. F. Fenno & Co., 18 E. 17th St., New York, N. Y. In this book Mr. Kenilworth attempts to formulate a creed "that shall make the soul conscious of real-



ities which heretofore have been believed." The dualist may decide, after reading this book, that he has gained some positive knowledge upon which to base his spiritual beliefs, but the materialist will remain unconvinced, for the data men gather through the senses are material data, and "spiritual experiences," realized by the senses, are physical or material experiences also.

**MENTAL AND SPIRITUAL HEALTH**, by A. T. Schofield, M. D., published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York, N. Y. In this attractively bound little book Dr. Schofield advises us that he has wandered into the field of religious discussion to assure the world how much healthier it will be when it learns to seek peace and harmony with the Infinite. Many of our worries and illnesses would pass away—he believes—under these happier conditions. We agree with the doctor in maintaining that worry and discord may cause several kinds of diseases, but we feel a great deal of regret to find a member of the medical profession offering mankind the same old, age old, cure. Usually the worst our friends in the profession have done was to advise us not to worry; not to live in unsanitary houses; to eat nourishing food." And many of them have arrived at a point where they say: "Men will worry as long as jobs are scarce and insecure; they will live in unsanitary houses just as long as landlords are able to make more profit on unhealthful than upon wholesome conditions; they will be able to eat the best food in the world as soon as those who work get the full value of the things they produce." Dr. Schofield advises us to attune ourselves to the Infinite! We have no doubt all the employers of men who are this year striking for higher wages, would heartily agree with him.

**COMMON SENSE**, by the Van-American Press, Chicago, Ill. by O. M. Donaldson, is a little book that will delight the hearts of all of the disciples of Henry George. "The little volume is addressed 'to the wage workers of the world' and the burden of its message is that there can be no general or permanent betterment in the condition of the so called laboring classes without such a reform in the system of land ownership as will give to each man, equally with every other, free access to the

resources of nature, or in other words free access to land. The earth is to be the great employer of labor, with a job for every man all the time, but for the baneful effects of land monopoly, which bars the great mass of humanity from its natural source of livelihood and compels it to make such terms as it can with the capitalistic combinations of employers. Under a righteous land system, the author maintains, every man would be free to work for himself on the land if he chose so to do, and in no industry could wages fall below what the average man could produce for himself in this way."

**AN INTERVIEW**, by Daniel W. Church. 163 pp. \$1.00, published by The Berlin Carey Co., Chicago, Ill. A book giving new and interesting data on the early life of Abraham Lincoln, attractively bound and printed.

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## TO NEW READERS.

The International Socialist Review and the book publishing business connected with it are the property of a co-operative company consisting of 2200 working people, most of whom have invested just ten dollars each, for the purpose of circulating the literature the socialist movement needs.

No capitalist stands behind us. We have been circulating socialist literature for over ten years, and never during that time have had a dollar that was not urgently needed to meet some pressing obligation. And yet all the time our work has been growing. On the first of May, as will be seen by the report printed on the next page, we had only \$25.73 in money, yet we had on hand books that at retail prices would sell for over \$60,000, besides the plates and copyrights of nearly all the socialist books in the English language that are worth reading.

Our paid-up capital is now \$35,000. The authorized capital is \$50,000. We thus have 1,500 shares worth \$10.00 each for sale. A share draws no dividends, but it carries the privilege of buying our books at a discount of forty per cent, we prepaying expressage. The main reason, however, why you should become a stockholder is that in no other way will \$10.00 go so far toward making possible the publishing of the literature of revolutionary socialism.

Is it worth ten dollars to you to have the literature of socialism put within the reach of the wage-workers of America? If so, will you not be one of the 1500 to take the remaining shares?

We do not want to sell you more than one share. No one individual holds more than a very few shares, except the manager of the publishing house, who has put all his resources and all his strength into it for twenty-four years. We want the control to remain as now with the comrades holding one share each.

But if you have more than ten dollars which you could spare for some months, we can offer you better returns than any bank will allow you, and better security than is offered by most of the banks.

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be returned by us on six months' notice. Or we will pay four per cent and return the money on thirty days' notice.

**Why We Need Money.** As will be seen from the following report of receipts and expenditures for April, our ordinary income is ample to cover our ordinary outlay. During the month we paid off nearly \$600 of loans from stockholders, while no new loans came in. We were thus obliged to borrow nearly \$300 from a bank. Our total liabilities to stockholders, however, are less than \$6,000 and our other liabilities are less than \$4,000, so that the sale of 1,500 shares of stock would put us out of debt and give us all the cash capital needed for extending our work. These are the April figures:

Receipts.		Expenditures.	
Cash balance, April 1.....	\$ 174.92	Manufacture of books.....	\$ 878.69
Book sales.....	2,429.19	April Review .....	494.15
Review subscriptions and sales .....	789.09	Books purchased.....	57.49
Review advertising.....	59.68	Wages of office clerks.....	398.32
Sales of stock.....	145.95	Mary E. Marcy, on salary.....	45.00
Loans from stockholders.....	297.13	Chas. H. Kerr, on salary.....	80.00
		Postage and expressage.....	462.07
		Miscellaneous expenses.....	108.06
		Rent .....	70.00
		Advertising .....	689.75
		Loans repaid .....	586.70
		Cash balance, April 30.....	25.73
Total.....		Total.....	
\$3,895.96		\$3,895.96	

Early in 1910, Charles H. Kerr personally assumed a debt of \$3400 due from the publishing house, and accepted stock to that amount, thus reducing our indebtedness by exactly \$3400. Moreover, during the six months ending April 30, 1910, we have paid off loans from stockholders to the amount of \$3474.45, while we have received new loans to the amount of only \$1382.70. It will thus be seen that our finances are in a thoroughly sound condition. On the other hand, we can not enlarge our work if more capital is withdrawn each month than is added. What do you intend to do about it?

**A Campaign of Literature.** Experience has fully proved that no propaganda work for socialism yields such large returns for the same outlay of strength and money as the circulation of literature. Our co-operative publishing house is organized for the express purpose of providing the right literature at the lowest possible prices. We have \$60,000 worth of this literature on hand. Let us send you a catalog.

**New Center Shot Leaflets.** Well printed on extra tinted book paper, four pages each. Four titles now ready: Wages in Mexican Money, Ten Dollars a Day, Workingman Wanted at Once, and Just What It Means. Ten cents a hundred, 80 cents a thousand, we pay expressage.

**Pocket Library of Socialism.** A collection of sixty books, each 32 pages, by Eugene V. Debs, Jack London, and other able and popular



socialist writers. Formerly five cents each, now two cents. One hundred assorted copies mailed for \$1.00; 1,000 for \$9.00. A full set of the sixty books will be mailed FREE to any one sending us \$1.00 for a NEW yearly subscription to the **Review**.

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**Ten Cent Books.** Every time an open air meeting is held, books should be sold. To do this is the best kind of propaganda, and instead of being an expense, it is a source of revenue to help out on other expenses. Ten cents is the best price for selling from the soap box, unless the speaker knows how to make a particularly good "book talk." Some of the very best ten cent books are *Socialism Made Easy*, by James Connolly; *The Socialists*, by John Spargo; *Socialism Utopian and Scientific*, by Frederick Engels; *The Communist Manifesto*, by Marx and Engels, and *Marx's Value, Price and Profit*. If something easier and simpler than any of these is desired, try "*The Wolves*," an illustrated fable, by R. A. Wason, a successful novelist who belongs to the Socialist Party of Indiana. A hundred ten cent books will be sent by express prepaid for \$5.00.

**Kautsky's The Class Struggle.** We have lately added to the arsenal of American socialists a really good translation, attractively printed, of the best propaganda work of the European socialist movement, the "*Er-furter Program*" by Karl Kautsky, which we issue under the name "*The Class Struggle*." It contains in connected form the entire work, slightly abridged, from which several separate pamphlets circulated by the Socialist Labor Party and the Appeal to Reason were taken. In its new form this book is the completest and most satisfactory statement of the socialist position that can be sold at a low price. Cloth, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents. We will send a hundred paper copies by express prepaid for \$12.50; a dozen for \$2.00.

**Socialist Stickers.** In response to a persistent demand, we have printed a supply of socialist stickers, each three inches square. Samples free on request; a hundred each of three different kinds mailed for 25 cents; 1,000 each of three kinds for \$2.00.

**Socialist Post Cards.** Good pictures of Debs, Warren, London, Marx, Engels, Liebknecht, Lafargue, Carpenter, Kautsky, and others, a dozen kinds in all. A set mailed for 10 cents; 100 assorted cards for 50 cents; 1,000 for \$2.25.